



THE
FOURTH
DIMENSION

volume 2
1973 - 74

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PATRONS

ANONYMOUS
ANONYMOUS
E. M. BALLON
G. C. IAN BURGESS
MRS. G.C. IAN BURGESS
M. CULVER
B. FITZPATRICK
FORM VII SOCIETY
J. HARCOURT
B. HARKER
E. KAUFMAN
P. C. LANDRY
MRS. W. D. LEVY
W. P. LEWIS
P. MAYER
E. C. MOODEY
J. E. NORDIN

MRS. J. E. NORDIN
DR. S. ORVIG
H. PATERSON
R. C. PATERSON
MRS. C. PHAENEUF
D. POLLAK
S. SAAB
R. SCHOUELA
L. I. SEVILLE
R. G. SMALL
MRS. R. G. SMALL
B. S. STEVENS
MRS. R. W. STEVENSON
MRS. W. I. TURNER
A. S. TROUBETZKOY
C. L. F. WATCHORN
B. J. WILLIAMS

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PREFACE

Volume 2

1973-74

"Thar's gold in them thar hills!" Just as early prospectors felt the presence of gold; so we, at Selwyn House, sense the hidden wealth. Students write almost everyday, but few ever make the effort to mine the gold. In this second issue of *The Fourth Dimension*, many nuggets are unearthed and refined. Indeed, approximately thirty per cent (one hundred and thirty-seven different boys) of our student body has submitted material for this publication, and their works show great potential and a highly sensitive perception of their environment. No work of this sort can be comprehensive; however, I feel that the selections included in this issue are a good representation of both the imaginative capacity and the talent hidden in our school.

For too long, there has been a stigma attached to artistic endeavours. Fortunately, this is no longer universally true and those who contributed come from all levels of the school. Good work is no longer the domain of the talented few who dare walk alone.

This year, faced with rising costs, we sought patrons for *The Fourth Dimension*. The financial assistance of these interested people contributed significantly to the publication of this issue. Without their generous support and encouragement, *The Fourth Dimension* would have died and the good work of our students would have collected dust in my filing cabinet - to be resurrected only occasionally. The boys' work is far too good, far too valuable, to merit this type of obscurity. Read the works, and they will speak, as William Golding says, "your hidden language which is not the language of other men."

G. G. Ian Burgess

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LUDASI



E Kaufman



Pollution

Fluffy cushions
of counterfeit air
hover above the city
creating darkness.

Poems by

J. Turner

Northern Land

Jackpine bowing
o'er craggy rocks,
and the west wind
whistles loneliness.



Art

Mystic paintings
of false reality
reveal
cryptic messages.

Fire fly

Spinning in squared circles
diving in upsweeps
he enjoys work -
dying with life.

Glaciers

Nature's refrigerator
crawls with meticulous steps
and cracks like thunder
echo beauty.

Dead

Empty squares,
crumpled papers,
information fragments,
dangle uselessly -
DEAD.

Poems by
C. de Keresztes

S U N

e
h

to greet

U P

the HEART moves

Sun

Speckled
dull green over muddy brown,
white in shadow
rises again -
a glorious sunrise.

Junk Yard

Amorphous mass,
jagged,
grey,
and lifeless,
stares into emptiness.



PHOTO: B. Nordin

Pastoral Scene

G. Phillips

The grass was green and lush in its growth, and swayed gently in the autumn breeze. The trees were bedecked in scarlet and gold, and shone in the caressing rays of the noon-day sun. A brook wended through the land, gurgling joyfully between the guardian rocks. The land was quietly, happily at peace.

* * * * *

"Flash! Today, the administration announced that it simply would not back down on the Caracas Affair. The president said that he would like to negotiate but is willing to fight over the sovereignty of Barakaland.

"Flash! The Praesidium today stated that it would not tolerate American neo-imperialism in Barakaland. This laudable position is endorsed by all the populace of our great nation."

* * * * *

The wind blew stronger now and the brightly coloured leaves began to fall. The brook splashed and overflowed its banks.

* * * * *

"Flash! The President today announced partial mobilization and placed all services on full alert. The Communists will not get away with anything.

"Flash! The Praesidium today readied all nuclear arms for active service. The Americans will be forced to surrender."

* * * * *

The grass yellowed now and the brook started to ice over. The sun sank lower in the sky.

* * * * *

"Flash! The Secretary of War today announced that the Communists would be destroyed if they did not leave.

"Flash! The American invaders will vacate the land or be destroyed.

* * * * *

The brook was solid now and the trees were bare.

* * * * *

"The United States declares war."

"The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics declares war.

* * * * *

The trees, broken and smashed, littered the land. Fire burned unheeded. The grass was gone and the brook was disfigured. It was over.

Leaf**C. Mappin**

I'm glowing red
with little veins
that stretch
across my body.

Leaf**H. Hull**

Red like old faces
wrinkled
covered with a glossy shein.

Hands**J. Howson**

Dead and old,
withered black
spiny branches
reach
like an ancient
hag's hands.



CONCRETE POEMS

C. Miller

distress

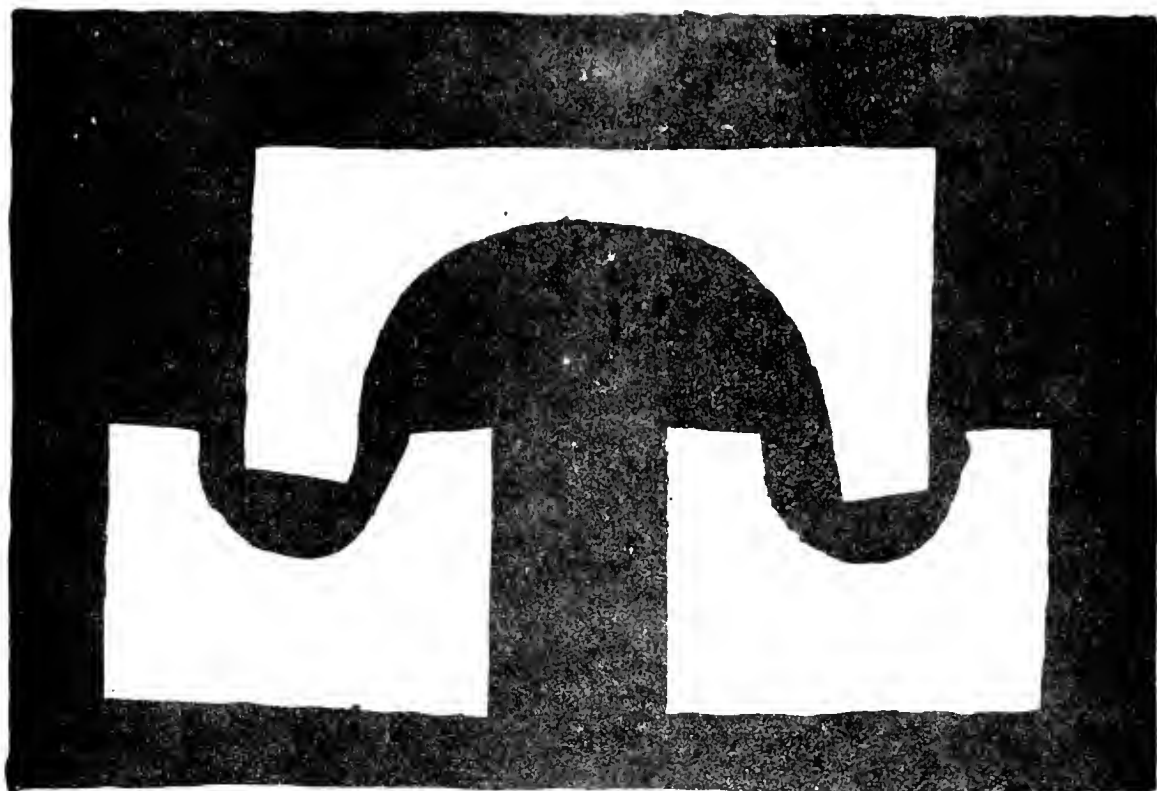
desolate

sorrow

regret

drop, depressing sad, hurt, let down

red delicious fantastic nectar tasty juicy luscious scrumptious sweet sour chewy palatable savory crunchy rosy



LINO: A. Walford

Totem Pole

J. Turner

The totem pole stares with beady eyes and grinning teeth, a legend itself. Patterns and brilliant colours represent the blazing fire now cold. Its mysterious meaning lies meticulously hidden behind the facade of simplicity. A photographic portrait, it preserves a dying saga of painted memories. Will its message ever be read?

Tension

J. Turner

Tension prowls the uncertain path of fate and seizes victims in gripping claws. Ticking, mechanical percussion like precision gears, it corrodes heart and soul, leaving a rotted corpse. Danger's harbinger, tension is an invisible doom fluttering in twisted anxiety on stormy seas. King of nerves and Satan's ally, it fears no one except the awesome army of calm.

Balloon Flight
E. Stevenson

A lazy ascent
 into the crisp air -
 drifting over the panorama
 of Nature's miniatures.

Minute drops of frozen wetness
 dance like blowing sands atop Mount Royal.
 Shagged with the bright glitter of ice,
 immortal evergreens rest frigidly in snow.
 The silence of winter reigns.

My Land
C. Shannon

The Window
G. Iny

A signpost to a promised land,
 the window beckons the weary boy -
 giving glimpses of a world,
 awakening,
 in the student's sleepy mind.

Glistening
 in the sun -
 sparkling,
 beautiful,
 the pebble:
 a diamond in the sun.

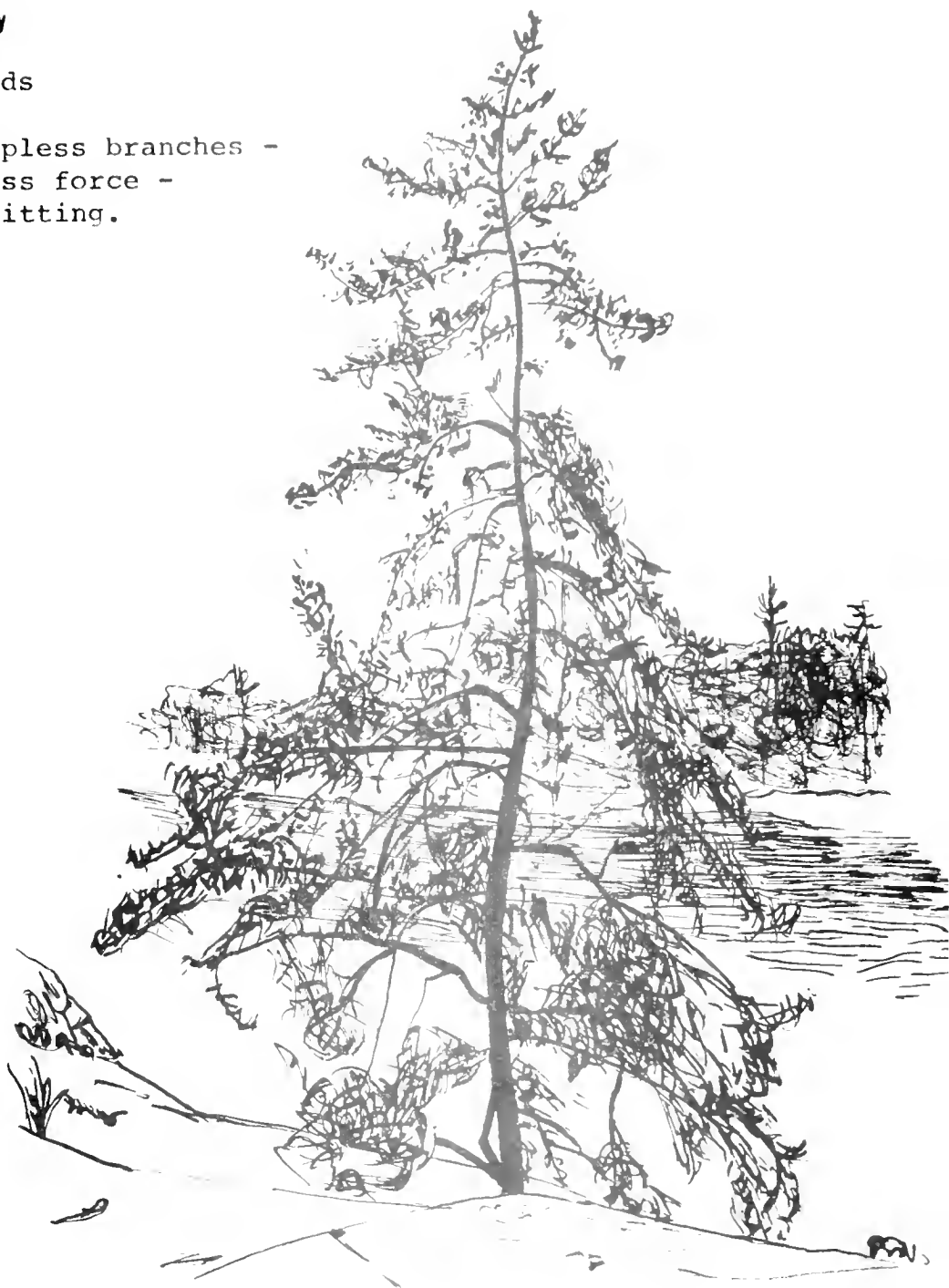
A Pebble
I. Charles

Cold

J. Stanley

Cold winds
permeate

helpless branches -
relentless force -
splitting.

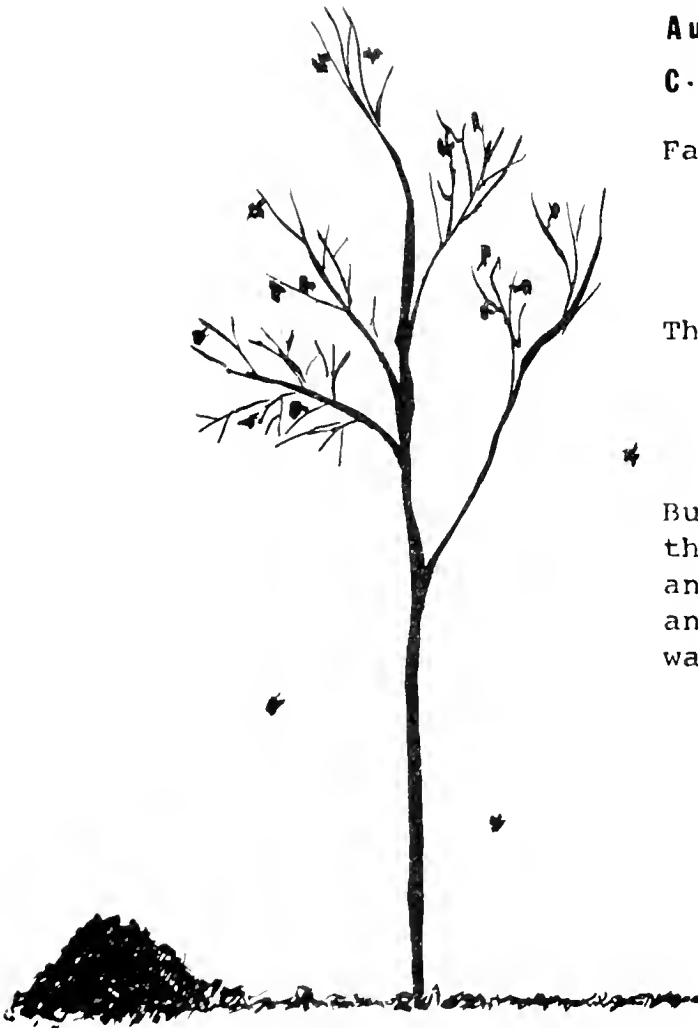


RNordim 73

Growing Strong

J. Antony

The daisy's petals turn brown
And the grass dies in despair.
Soon, all beauty will perish
And whiteness will bury the void.
But roots seek new returns,
And understanding reveals beauty.
Leaves will grow again
To praise their glory.
They fall
Only to seek again -
a new return.



Autumn - End

C. Zarifi

Fall was here
with falling leaves -
falling soundlessly
carpeting the grass.

The air filled
with countless shades-
red and green,
maple and pine.

But now, so cold
the wind blows
and you shiver
and pity poor souls
wandering in snow.

R Norden '73

It's strange,
I can

sometimes,
never

stop

laughing

other times,
even

I cannot
let out

a

chuckle

but when

I write

poems

I am

always

depressed

A CONCRETE POEM
A. Stewart

Circle of Existence

**Rejection**

Surrounded by potential friends
purposely unknown to neighbours
left out of life -
dying to live well
a minute in infinity
only to be made miserable by those
who care only for themselves.

Semites

One race, two people:
at each other's necks,
enemies for life
with little chance for unity
save one:
Death makes mortal enemies, fellows
For Death will create us all the same.

POMES BY

N. Hopkinson

Perverse Love Poem

You are my friend,
 my glorious devotee.
 You are good to me
 and I thank you for it,
 but there is one thing
 I cannot stand about you:
 You are a human being -
 the destroyer of the world -
 and I hate you.

Yearnings

Is there a meeting today?
 At what time? Where?
 Are they pretty there?

Jealousy

I am but a minor poet -
 so minor that I am nothing
 in a flood of lines.
 I respect everyone
 as a teller of life,
 but then,
 how can
 Keats and Shakespeare
 compare to me as poets?



D. Demers

Time

B. Wood

Time is an endlessly flowing river. Both wide and deep, it flows fast and slow through eddies and coves. No one knows from whence it comes and no one knows where it is going.

Those standing on its banks will never see it, no matter how hard they look. They will never feel it, taste it, smell it, or hear it; yet they know it is there. A man's bones may sense its passing, but he will never realize it as being there. Men, looking back upon the past, have a fruitless watch as no light passes through Time's invisible veil. They will never grasp those things Time's formless body covers. Time, which itself cannot be felt, blankets all of history from the senses of the present.

Time, we are told, has gone on through eternity; and therefore, it never began because it has no beginning, and it will never have an end, because how can something that has never begun come to an end? No one can prove time exists, yet no one denies its presence. Time just IS.

Guilt's Revenge

R. Schouela

Sitting at his desk, he felt exposed by the little night lamp and closed the observing books which stared at him. Suddenly, as if discovering the root of his uneasiness, he reached out nervously and pulled the curtains shut. Yet he could not sit calmly in his chair with the rest of the room staring at him in the back. He turned to see whether anyone was watching him and then rose and paced about, checking the concealing corners. Sweat beaded on his forehead. He pulled a small knife from his pocket and stood poised.

Sensation

M. Gabriel

Wow! What a fantastic feeling! It's as sensational as a trip!

* * * * *

A spiny tingle runs through my body like a test tube cleaner's bristles rubbing against a rubber hose. Dots flash before my eyes and images in bright colours fill the screen of my mind. God! This is really strong! An exciting sensation and sparks fill the darkness around me. Green. Blue. White. Pink. And other spectral colours spin wildly, circling inside my skull.

* * * * *

Man! What a great feeling!

If I Were a Snowball

A. Creighton

If I were a snow ball, I would be slowly gathered by children rushing from school. They would pick me up and squish me to death. After, I would be flung through the air and land with a large splat. I would dribble down the wall I hit. Being a snowball is a rather transitory existence.

Echoes

D. Quantz

Wake up! Wash! Dress! Eat! Run for the bus or be late. Think of the day as future. What will it bring? Gather your books and enter class. Sit down; take notes. Listen carefully and don't miss a thing. Must pass the exams. The future is at stake. Study. Study. Study. The exams are coming.

Well, you did it. Passed the exams. Graduated! Well done! Is the future planned? Med. school. Oh, good choice. Like medicine? High honours in physics and chemistry. Boy, you got it made!

Wake up! Wash! Dress! Eat! Grab your big, black bag. Everything in it? Good. Run for the bus or be late. Think of the day as future. What will it bring? Lots of operations? Who's your patient? Yea . . .

Echoes, life repeats itself. Striving for one goal - success.

Bones

Bones lie
waiting on the ground -
waiting for wind to move them.

Ballad for a Proud Man

A dead man on a battlefield,
head resting on his shield,
there, with a dagger in his side,
he was a man with much pride.



POEMS BY

S. Saab

PHOTO: D. Pollak

T. Koningsthal

It was bloody and cruel, and nothing was accomplished. Bodies grew all over the fields, in the ditches and on pieces of shattered artillery. Some died peacefully, some slowly and painfully, and other just died. Here one died in prayer to our Lord and Holy Father, God Almighty. Another had his hands still clasped - a prayer in his lifeless body now a symbol of the past and, perhaps, even the future.

The battle lasted only forty-eight hours, yet the number dead cried about the futility. Six thousand dead men; creatures breathing, thinking, feeling, just like us; and yet, we returned; they didn't. They died for us. Yet what they accomplished in death couldn't help us quite enough.

Each man, either black or white, was more valuable than ten rifles or five tanks. Each was a man - guts, courage, and love, love for family, friends, and country. They were known by all of you; they were your friends. You ate with them, slept near them. You knew some personally; others you knew by sight. They touched you. You felt with them the same emotions, and thought with them the same thoughts. No matter how you feel, they effected you in one way or another. They were your flesh and blood; they fought as you fought; they cried as you cried, and they laughed as you laughed. But they did one thing you didn't do. They died and you did not because you were in the right place at the right time and they were not.

Their families are outside now, crying for them - lamenting that their sons and husbands have died. Death did not cease until six thousand fell. What can we say? Nothing. Nothing at all.

For your friends who died for you, please bow your heads for the fallen.

"Our Father who art in heaven, deliver, this day into heaven, the souls of our dead brothers. But give us this day, our daily bread, and forgive the trespasses of our enemies, for in essence he, too, is our eternal brother. Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever,

Amen."



War

C. Zarifi

Shooting . . . killing,
defacing the land,
Miles of wire at hand.

PHOTO: R Schouela

Wanderer

He travels the world
 not knowing his destination.
 He doesn't give a damn.
 Sick and tired,
 lonely,
 afraid,
 doubting,
 not understanding.
 Just hate and violence in this world
 no love no peace here
 cramped
 till he takes the quick way out
 the ONLY way out.

Final Outcome

The body grows old
 but spirit and determination
 never leave -
 lost in memories,
 lost in time,
 struggling to remain free and young
 but he is chained by age
 in an unbreakable cage
 knowing well that this world
 is for youth.
 Alas! Defeat is unacceptable!
 Totally
 Defeat comes when the desire dies
 inevitably
 too quick. For the slowness
 of age drifts into non-existence -
 a piece of paper
 thrown into a waste basket
 soon forgotten.

POEMS BY

D. Dydzak



Silhouette

J. Howson

Life's Wonders

Life is short,
 full of miseries.
 Why is there love and hate?
 peace and war?
 intelligence and stupidity?
 rich and poor?
 Don't worry if you have no answers.
 Nobody does;
 nobody ever will
 HE didn't intend it to be this way
 and it's not your fault
 so rest you mind
 in peace.

Teachers

Helping people to understand,
 as best they can;
 patient!
 angry!
 happy!
 sad!
 full of happiness, full of agony
 knowing best
 looking out for other's welfare
 not concerned just with marks -
 preparing us for the future.

PHOTO

R Schouela



Junk Yard**S. Iversen**

Protruding cars in disrepair
 which only pollute the air
 other things like this and bunk
 do we chose to call our junk.

Junk Yard**J. Dydzak**

A doll, without a head,
 the yard littered with a bed.
 To some, it is trash,
 and others turn it into cash.

Junk Yard**P. de Vries**

Car wrecks, refrigerators,
 tins of peach-halves,
 "Select any spare part!
 Reasonable prices!"
 Beauties of the countryside
 are important to civilization.
 Eyesores,
 people pretend to hate . . .
 Where would you be without them?

Junk Yard**D. Pollak**

Metal twists into nothing;
 cars stacked against the sky -
 dirt and filth -
 man's mistakes.

Hell is only a Subway Ride Away**A. Stewart**

Black blanketed
 the full subway;
 but when it stopped,
 there was one place more -
 for me.



The Hunt

C. Asselin

The doe has no choice
but to be killed
by the hunters
of our world.

Coins

Metallic mirrors of the past,
Smiling queens, frowning kings,
quests in my house,
they exist forever.

POEMS BY
H Paterson

Green

The taste of envy
sinuously swirling in the field.
Exploding cucumbers
and a lawn mowed
to death -
the naked city.

Junkyard

Torturous orange at dawn.
Calcutta black at night.
Odours over odours
a blot,
a silent scream
of mutilated forms.

Anchored Vessels

A. Schubert

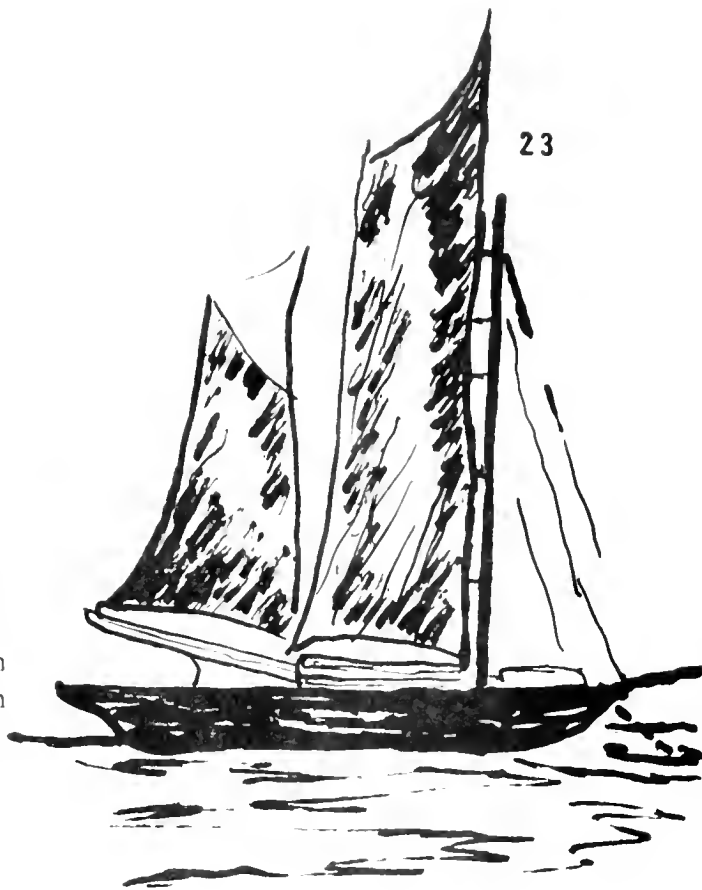
Like huge, black monsters, they pitch on the water. They are sailing ships just returned from the deadly waters of Cape Horn. Long, rusty chains hold them tightly; they, who would love to escape the quiet waters of this romantic, old port.

The wind is still and the sun throws its rays horizontally across the calm sea. So the high masts appear longer and longer in the setting sun. Oil from newer fishing smacks forms a thin, close layer and keeps the water captive. The water twists and twines, but the oil holds tightly.

Far, on the horizon, the sun disappears; the masts of the ships grow, and their hulls lengthen.

A shrieking, late gull spins above the ships. It knifes the silence. The water quivers. Rings appear and extend. The gull dives, throws itself at the orange water. Oil sprinkles the hull of a ship, oil squirted like paint from a brush. The gull rises above the water, a black shadow against the red sky.

Suddenly, the wind rises and the masts move and creak. The anchor chains squeal and the ships are anxious to journey once more. They disappear in the dark and a strange silence in creases.



The Seed

M. Ogilvy

Small,
buried in the ground,
bursting out,
growing endlessly.

I Should Kill Myself

P. Mayer

What if I died tonight? Tomorrow, they would find my cold body lying in a pool of blood. They would relate the awful scene to my state of mind. I would no longer be immortal, but I would become a subject for late-night conversation.

"Do you remember him? Killed himself, didn't he? Too bad."

Those thoughts, they would grant me dead. Why don't they think of me now?

Hey, world! Look over here! I'm alive! Don't you need just a little of me? You're so cruel; maybe I should kill myself tonight. Tomorrow, you will fetch me; you will care for me. I may even smile for you in the coffin. Will you cry?

Beware of Darkness

P. Mayer

All day, he smiles. "What a great guy!" they say. "He must have many friends. It must be wonderful. He's the type everyone likes." He opens a small door and greets everyone. They all like him; unfortunately, none of them love him. He's so busy that he can't spend too much time with any one friend. He loves no one either.

At night, when everyone searches for warmth, for security from darkness, he is alone. Alone in the dark, he must have time to himself. Not having made any close friends, he turns to his pillow for comfort. With it, he shares his secrets, his tears. . . . And the next morning, on his porch, he smiles at everyone.

Smile, my friend,
But don't touch anyone.
If you slip,
They may see you as human.

Landscape

P. Mayer

Having felt pain yesterday, I can enjoy happiness today. Within me, hiding my mind, I have a landscape holding common feelings: love, hate, jealousy, rage, fear, anxiety, agony, and anguish.

Feelings create moments of pleasure and pain within all of us. Each movement, run by experience, holds our emotions. Some people, however, show less emotion, but still, everyone has emotions. Peoples' reactions to a crisis and their movement between pleasure and pain create

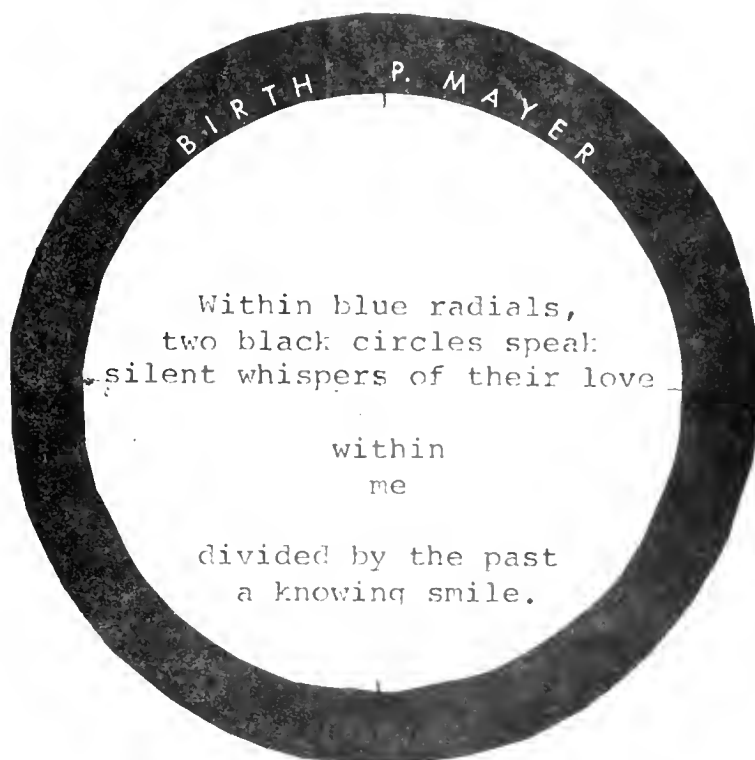
within them a landscape which is, in fact, their personality.

A Freudian study would link all feelings to sexual desire. Although there is some validity to this line of research, it obviously represents his landscape. It is his effort to perceive things.

Inner Universe

R. Small

Myriads of star cells beckon like runway lights. They entice like diamonds and their probing light invites a departure into the unknown and undeveloped. The inner universe is vast and incomprehensible as is its outside counterpart. Its colonized areas are fractions of its enormous capacity, and the remainder is doomed to a lonely eternity for men will never conquer it. It is impossible for man to grasp, and he will only be able to make fleeting, probing corridors into it. He will fail to transcend its final barrier beyond which lies the final key to conquest, and his repeated attempts will be in vain. The unfathomable mystery will always remain.



"You have fought well, Prince Namor," said the king, "and now, what are you going to do about the people who have deceived you?"

"I shall seek revenge," I answered.

"You may go, Prince Namor."

Quickly I dashed from the water and into the city. Everyone ran from me. "I have come to be on your side, but you had better obey me," I said.

"No deal," the people cried.

"Then I shall seek revenge."

"Fine with us," the people said. "We have Scare Devil on our side."

From nowhere, Scare Devil came. I gave him a few blows, but he gave some back. We fought, but after a while, I won.

"I have fought many people, but he was the most courageous of all," I said.

A Jesuit Record

A. Vivian

Stealthily, the Indian crept through the bush. All of him that could be seen was the glint of his knife in the sunlight. All the bush around Fort Ste. Marie was like this, for the Iroquois were besieging the Hurons. This is the record of one of the Jesuits in the fort at that time. This record was written about 1648.

MAY 2 - finished house, four windows, one story, one chimney

MAY 3 - Iroquois attack, one dead, attack made from river.

MAY 4 - I ventured from the fort and walked a few miles. I heard a whoop and some Iroquois jumped me. I dodged away only to be caught in an animal trap. Next, I was pounced upon. Tied, I was placed in a canoe and we reached their camp that night.

MAY 5 - Early in the morning, they let me drink and wash in the stream. The Indian left me alone, thinking I could not escape because they were so numerous. I picked myself up and ran back to the fort. Luckily, I did not encounter any Iroquois. There, everyone met me and helped me back into the fort.

MAY 6 - The pressure of the Iroquois was greater, so the Huron chief held a conference. We finally agreed to move somewhere else.

MAY 7 - We prayed, took our most valued possessions -

our tools and books - and set fire to our village.

MAY 8 - For the last ten miles, there have been no Iroquois in sight. We all feel better now that there are no Iroquois creeping behind every tree.

Second Image

G. Iny

There is a little man inside each one of us. He inhabits the depths of our minds, a place which only the gifted among us see. A shy, little fellow, he rarely shows himself; yet, he is an intrinsic part of our overall composition.

In some of us, he is a feeble, old man. His skin is diseased, and his mind stagnates. He rarely leaves his house, preferring to lie in bed and hope that affairs will improve. They rarely do. His master is cruel and hard.

In others, he works diligently. Every day, from nine to five, he toils. Sometimes, he achieves moderate success, and sometimes failure. For a master, he has a Mr. Smith or a Mr. Jones - one of those countless, faceless people of our society.

Then, there is the last group. Each one of them is a tall, handsome fellow. He draws the admiration and praise from all his less fortunate brethren. His master is often called such weighty names as, "philanthropist" or "social commentator."

Everyone possesses such a little being. He stays with us, from the day we are born, until the day we die. He is our "Conscience."

Parallels

G. Iny

In the morning, the sheep are herded to the pasture. There, they ruminate, exercising their privilege to eat and drink. If one among them finds better forage, he beckons his fellows, but the dogs quickly chase them back. The others, scorning him, turn their heads and let him pass unnoticed. At sundown, they follow the same path home.

In the morning, the men herd to their jobs. There, they toil, exercising their privilege to groan and sweat. If one among them undermines old hypocrisies, or discovers purer avenues of thought and attracts his fellows, society quickly silences him. The others, scorning him, turn their heads and let him pass unnoticed. At sundown, they return home.

These are apparently similar situations which, however, contain a fundamental difference. The sheep always say, "I have no capacity to think; I am merely a dumb animal." But man cannot claim this excuse; or can he?



PRINT B. Nordin

Looking from the Window

J. Turner

Silhouetted against the dying sky, he gazed steadfastly, with an empty mind at the moving world outside. His feet, firmly planted on the ground, belied the state of his troubled mind. His cold hands grasped the radiator attempting to find warmth, but there was a shortage and "would he wait in line?"

"One must always be patient," his grandfather said, as they waited in the ferry boat line.

"Patience is the catalogue of man's desires. One can always tell how great a man is by the amount of patience he has."

"I know, but what if everyone has something - something that is essential in life, but you spend all your time waiting. Then, you spend the rest of your life trying to find it, but never do."

"That's the sad part. Some people don't find what they want until they die, because they haven't looked hard enough or opened their eyes. Others never realize their desires."

With his dark, penetrating eyes, he stabbed the dark, thoroughly examining every molecule, but he didn't find an answer. He scanned people's faces, nests of birds, and windows of cozy homes, but he didn't find a clue. As the last car disappeared down the street, the wind began to howl over the deserted area and he felt completely alone, like a seagull floundering in an oil slick.

The Rising Fires

K. Munro

From forests spring the fires of autumn. As the sun's power dwindles, flames grow along delicate branches. Gusts of wind pry the flames from their rest and the earth is covered with fire. The world flames and green is consumed by raging red.

Children leap into piles of fire; they rise, heedless of the heat. Families venture from cities to marvel at the splendour of flaming woods.

As the last clusters of fire fall from the sky, the trees upon which the flames fed wither and die.

Rising Fires

R. Marie

Hot coals produced eternal power which no man might overcome or equal. The earth became scorched - an abyss in which devils lay ready to strike. Pointed flames darted out menacingly.

A man approached the fiery mass. In his eyes, the panorama of youth trembled, and the heat-waves melted remaining memories. Childish romanticism suffered a horrible death; maturity's axe severed his freedom.

The fire, now a mile high, extended yellow blades in all directions. Black bands of carbon climbed toward the sky and entwined themselves into strange forms.

"This is not smoke!" yelled the man helplessly against the depths of fire. "These are iron, black chains for slavery's duties." He withdrew in panic, and stumbled over a sharp, protruding rock.

The analogy was there, but the terrified man could not hold it in his rope-burned fingers. He had no chance. Flames trampled over his soul, and only a muted scream tore the black of night.

A Wave

S. Langshur

The golden-hazy tinge of light slowly spread across the distant horizon and dispersed lingering darkness. Finally, the entire sky was illuminated by Dawn's shining face.

Far off, a wave, barely discernable - a pin prick on the horizon - moved and gathered speed and size as it progressed. Its destination was the coast line, far off in the future.

Toward mid-day, a gale began, buffeting the wave like a feather. The wave rose and broke, its contents churned into a frothy foam. A great hulk bore down on the not-so-distant shore. Once again, it swelled to a peak and burst with a great roar. It receded. Soon, the storm abated.

The sky turned orange; a gentle breeze remained to remind us of the gale. A wave, above the sea, rolled toward the shore. Rainbow colours danced over it, but they too are obliterated by dusk. A final surge and the wave crashed upon the sandy shore and gurgled into the porous sand.

The ocean lost its aesthetic, prismatic character and systematic waves pounded incessantly upon helpless shores. Its relentless power never granted amnesty to the mistakes which lay within its salty grasp. A barrage of savage currents and howling winds concealed the secrecy of the depths.

A man, knee-deep in the violent water, stood aghast. He felt compelled to run from this liquid horror whose hands pulled at his feet. His wet-suit fitted well and its tube of life was firmly fastened on his muscular back; however, he was still haunted by the idea that this type of dive was new and totally unknown to him. The memories of his carefree childhood clung to him in desperation.

He could not resist the flow of thoughts which recurringly attacked his confused mind. He saw himself taking a huge breath and plunging into the dazzling panorama of the coral lagoon which he had explored often as a boy. How soothing it was when flamboyant fish and exotic plants tickled his naked belly. This shallow world of fantasy seemed deep at the time; but that was passed, and he could not avoid his present duty by indulging in any romantic flight from reality. His childhood crumbled and fell to the sandy ground where the tongue of a gigantic wave lapped it up and then retreated to its cold home.

The man checked, in detail, the intricate equipment which his father had bequeathed him. He made sure that his satchel, in which the important papers of his profession would lie, was secure. Content, he hesitantly covered his face with the diver's mask and dove into the mysterious, new world. The deeper he swam, the greater the pressure around him. He did not stop at the danger level of society. In doing so, he became the target of treachery. He stepped into the black current of the ocean.

Blues

C. de Keresztes

The apocalypse -
nothing happened.

The air conditioner whirred quietly as the dull grey light of dawn slowly filtered through partially opened curtains.

"I give up," he said to himself. With one hand he crumpled the paper he had been writing on and aimed it toward the waste paper basket. He missed and turned to the stereo which was playing softly. Even the D-J made bad jokes today.

Janet came in wearing her tight jeans. She gave him a short glance and started critically, "Why that? It doesn't even exist."

"Crummy existentialist," was his glum reply. They both stared out the window, where the muggy haze of summer and a desultory drizzle fell on the empty street. Then he picked up a sheaf of papers: "Camlyses, son of Darius . . . what if I switch it around for literary effect? That would really kill the prof." he added the last with a sadistic smile of satisfaction.

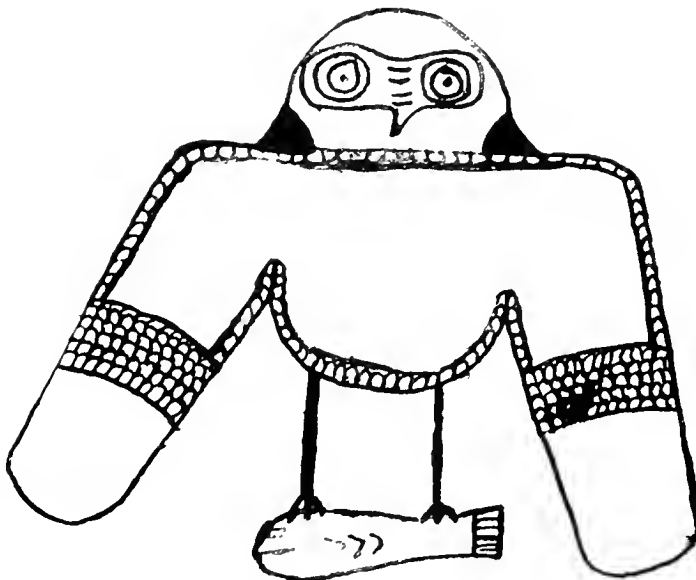
"What for? It has no relevance anyway. Somehow I can really relate to the past. All this technology has only led to an artificial reality."

"Reality!" she almost screamed it out.

"Shut up! Don't get hysterical."

"It's stuffy in here."

"Turn up the air conditioning, dummy." he said in a satirical tone as she closed the curtains. The morning light really bothered him.



W. Smith

Since it was winter, the water had lost its sickly sepia-green. Instead, it formed long, black sheets striped with flat banks of snow. If the snow were newly fallen, your skates would slice through the ripples. When it was colder, the corrugations would harden and had to be avoided.

Groups of young boys would skate just offshore, and clear patches for hockey. Others who didn't care to wield the broad shovels would skate far out to the middle of the lake where the ice was thinner. The wind patterns were more even out there, so the clear areas were larger. If you opened your jacket, the wind would catch it and send you, without moving your legs, a long way very quickly.

Michael did this for hours until his ankles tired. Then he would lower himself into a squat and hurtle into a snow patch.

At the entrance of the yacht club, he would sit on a pier and watch the iceboats leave the frozen harbour. They slowly gained speed, and he wondered how they could keep control.

Once he saw a boat catch two of its three runners in a long crack. It flipped and the boat tore apart; the mainsail flapped freely down the lake. He heard a series of cracks as the rending pieces hit the ice. The driver's helmet sounded faintly as his body spun over the ice. It stopped in a drift.

Michael sped towards the boat, but the men from the club soon overtook him. The wind was so strong that the men's voices were lost to him and he watched the driver rise and stumble across the ice, away from the shore.

Michael turned and struggled homeward against the wind. He thought of the driver and then wondered if the spring break-up would be good enough for floe-jumping.

On Borrowed Time

P. Shepherd

Without thinking, he placed the sliced bread in the toaster, and asked, "Do you want some?"

"No thanks," she replied, "You better wear your coat today."

"Oh. Did it rain last night, or is that the forecast?"

"I think I heard it rain last night, but you can never be sure in the apartment."

He poured the water from the kettle into the cup and the grains of instant coffee rose to greet him from their hot milky bath. He looked down at them, and noticed only how they disappeared with his subcortical stirring motion. The spoon made a brown splotch on the smooth, white counter.

"Got your raincoat?"

"Thanks, almost forgot. Have a good day, bye." He kissed her quickly, stepped outside, and then she shut the door.

The coffee had banished his tiredness and his pace was good, yet it lagged slightly as a familiar feeling descended. It wasn't a physical or mental fatigue, it was simply a feeling that made him lose his senses, enough to prevent him from enjoying the morning.

"Somehow living on borrowed time." He thought, "Ah, it must be the coffee. Never drink coffee in the morning. That must be it." And so like a coloured effect thinly spread from a painter's palette knife, he wound his way through the slippery grey streets to work.



PHOTO

R. Schouela

Snow**T. Kaufman**

Cold and white
lazily lying -
a feeling of loneliness
from horizon to horizon.

Wine**L.Cefis**

Wet as water
red as blood
a fragrance
in a glass.

**The Rockies****D Norris**

Sloping peaks of ice
whistle in the wind
and a lone skier
wonders where to go.

Percé Rock**S.Scott**

Victim on deep blue glaze,
alone, but at peace,
being devoured slowly
by something uncontrollable.

**Wind****D.Gameroff**

Rushing through tundra
whispering on prairies
gently through the Maritimes.

PHOTOS**B. Nordin**

Falling Asleep

A. Stewart

God, I'm tired. I look out the window and watch workmen dig into the pavement. The road shifts toward the house. My head, resting against the window pane, begins to ache. Can't take a hot bath to relax; the water main broke. The noise of the hydraulic drill is too loud for me to drift to sleep. I look out the window and try to remember what peace and sleep are. My eyes are dry and sore and my stomach feels as if it were about to collapse.

Still, I watch those men dig. The lights are out in all the houses so I stare from darkness at a scene which reminds me of men ice fishing in a tent with a single light to attract fish.

My mind falls into a daze as my eyes focus on the white cloud in my head. I begin to fall asleep with my eyes open and head still throbbing. I feel a draft, but do not budge. I am uncomfortable perched on the arm of the chair, but I still do not try to relieve the aching. Soon the earth heaves no longer, and the constant scream of the drill ceases and I sleep.

Growing Old

L. Stewart

As I sit at my desk, I feel as if there are years between my youth and the present. I think how easy it was to write. I remember how it flowed better. A picture was filled in five minutes and the many colours were bright and alive. No difference from the pencil and charcoal drawings of now. All my art concerned topics which interested me and no one else. I think of the energy I had. I never stopped working and playing until I was in my bed.

Now, that energy is to be summoned. Then, I understood my work and knew exactly what people wanted from me. If it were something less that perfect, I cared, but now perfection is not my goal. To be old is to remember one's youth and sigh.

Waiter's Death

By and by
God caught his
eye.

The Attack

The heat's over
small, white
parachuters
descend
binding us under.

POEMS BY

H. Paterson



Approaching Spring

Pussywillows, soft, a moor
Crouch waiting.
Canary-coloured geyser,
Bubbles over lawns,
And fresh winds scrub the

"It is amazing, don't you think, that after all the things we have done to it, it should still be hanging there so tenaciously?" Dr. Kropotkin asked his new associate.

"Yes sir, sure is," replied the grizzled, old man. His gas mask muffled his voice. "But it's dying; no doubt about that."

The two stood in what was once a large park. Before them stretched vast fields of barren earth and withered tree stumps. At the edge of the park, tall silent buildings rose, barely visible in the pink-grey haze that tinted the air. A disc appeared, a dull orange spot in the sky.

"Still," continued the tall, bespectacled doctor, "we deserved it. All those years of internal combustion engines pouring sulfur into the air, and the atomic wastes disposed My God! How ignorant we were!"

The old man turned to Kropotkin and peered, through the layers of mask and glasses, into eyes that (even though protected) were inflamed. "How long do we have, doctor? I mean"

"About two more days, I would think. Our only food is what we find. There are no more vegetables. It wasn't like this before. I've seen pictures, old ones. About twenty or thirty years ago, no one thought this could happen. They thought there would always be enough of everything." He panted from the exertion of breathing through the gas mask.

"You know," said the old man, "this reminds me of a ship I saw sinking long ago, when I was a kid. There were people trapped inside and they couldn't get out. It was right near here, only a couple of miles away. They had all the stuff they needed, but the ship kept sinking slowly. They were trapped. The world is like that - going down slow."

T. Power

He was regarded as the bottom rat in the sewer. Ridiculed, criticized for his beliefs and his teachings, he felt that life in the sewers was no longer healthy. The rat populace fought back by saying that their ancestors had inhabited these sewers for centuries and had died naturally. The venerable rat knew that not only human waste was deposited in the sewers. New, lethal chemical wastes of human progress were also contaminating life under the city. The wise rat appealed once more to the multitude and laid out a plan for a mass exodus to "the promised land." They laughed at him; they spat upon him and finally banished him. He left, leaving only the impression of wet feet upon the box he used for his speeches. The rats were hard to convince, and they were not about to leave because one rat believed that an ominous death was imminent.

The banished rat returned after a year. He entered the sewer as he had always done; except now, it was different. The throng of rats was not audible. He was not greeted by jeers. There was only silence and the stench of decay that turned his nose up. He advanced deeper into the sewer and encountered a rat, neither dead nor alive. He had no fur and his eyes were closed. His toes had all but disappeared. Gasping and coughing, he said, "You were right. Even the sewers are no longer fit for us." With these words, the rat collapsed and lay inert upon the floor. The grotesque appearance made the wise one leave and search for a new lair in which he might start a new life.



Looking Back

J. Harcourt

I have travelled to the Great Rift - that place of pilgrimage into our past, that unchanging symbol of man's aggravation with himself. It lies as a timeless image of catastrophe, a mistake that left an ulcer on the productive surface of his life.

And when I saw what needed seeing, and felt the feeling that must have prevailed over the entire stretch of man's community - all feeling passed like the hot wind which wiped away a brother's life from the sordid surroundings.

But a new life, announced by the searing energy of man's quasi-power, drifted with that hot breath of wind. It lay dormant in a meditative stillness and the doves cooed under the burnt rafters.

The Stone

S. Mazza

The stone of Sisyphus rolls higher and higher up the steep hill to its never defined goal. Brighter and brighter, Sisyphus' hope radiates until, at the peak, it completely lights the valley below. Jove and Hades smother the hope. Their wrath forces the stone down, and the revenge leaves darkness.

Airport

Glittering stars
 stretch forever -
 a runway
 to the unknown.

POEMS BY

R. Small

Chessmen

Challenging
 plastic armies
 move
 on chequered
 battlefields.

Northland

Barren landscape,
 bleak and desolate,
 stretches frozen,
 bitter miles
 and awaits discovery.

Life

Life:
 a shooting star -
 a triviality
 in dark eternity.

Moon

Round ball
 of silver light -
 a queenly presence
 in the night.

Turmoil

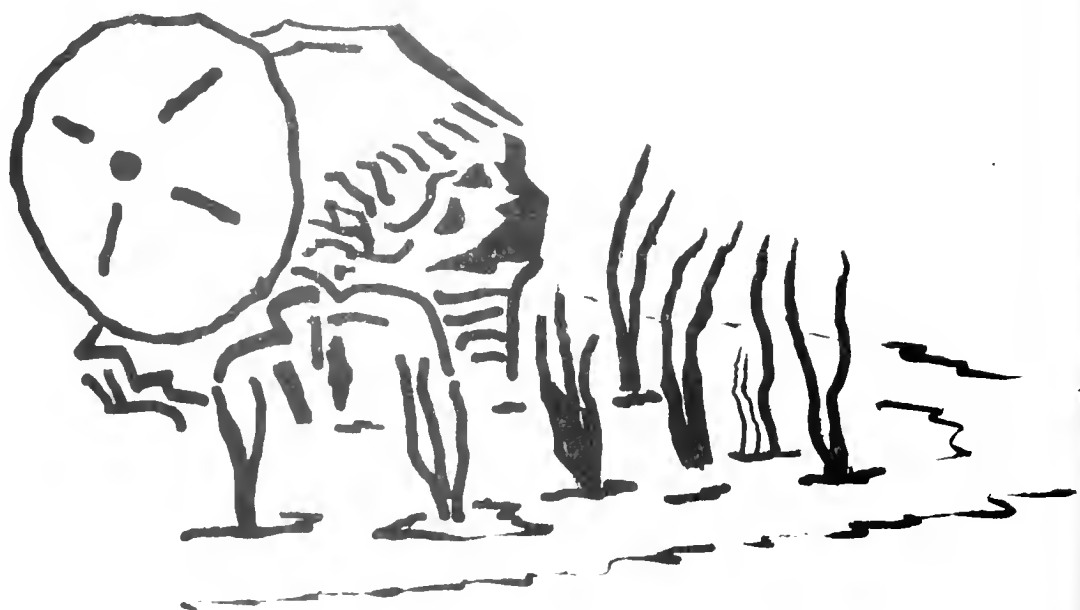
Royal sun countered
by hidden night;
a struggle
never to end.

Leaf

Crinkling red skin
with sinuous fibres
fell to hell -
lost forever.

Books

Ancient school books
mellow with age -
unused, unloved,
lying in wastecans.



L. Landsberger

I boarded the bus at the terminal about one o' clock in the morning and sat down in front. There were three other people; two of them looked rather drunk. The driver came in from his chat with another driver, sat in his seat, started the bus and began to speak to me in French.

"I just got told about a beginner whom a man gave a dollar bill to change, and the guy had blown his nose on it before. Because my friend was a rookie he didn't say anything. I'd have shoved the bill back down the guy's throat. It's that kind of person that makes life so miserable for us. I can't get over it." I listened patiently because I found his story quite interesting.

Then he went on: "And there are also those who give us the transfers all wet from sucking on them, Why do they have to do that? We don't give them their transfers and everything all wet and crumpled and dirty. It's all clean. I don't think it's too much to ask them not to chew it up like a dog does a bone.

"And then there are those who complain that they have been waiting for half an hour for me at a stop, and act very indignantly. What am I supposed to do? I have a chart here which says at what place I have to be at a certain time. I can't help it if there is a traffic jam or an accident or too many people. I just try to do my job.

"And then they start saying things like, 'I give you your living.' What? He gives me my living by putting that little ticket in there? No, I give him his living because for thirty-five cents he can get to work each morning. That's not too high a price to pay to travel five miles. Just think how much it would cost by car, with all the gas and wear and tear on the car. No, buddy, we bus drivers give them their living. They would be lost without us."

A couple of youths climbed onto the bus and tried to pay the student price. When the man told them it was thirty-five cents, they paid with a grumble and a black look. "See that? We give them a reduced rate when they really need it during the day time, and they think it's their right to have it even at this time of night," he said.

"They also say things like, 'you have it good there; you just sit there all day, no worries. Not like me, I got worries.' Sure, I sit here; sure, he's got worries, but there's no way I don't have any worries. There is no other job where you are more bothered - with all those cars cutting

you off, idiots giving you packs of pennies to change, transfers all wet, people mouthing off - all the while worrying about the traffic; I do have worries.

At this point, we arrived at my stop and I descended to a called out, "Salut, bonhomme, parle aux gens, hein." "Talk to the people?" I walked down the familiar lane to my house and thought, "Why? Do people hate bus drivers, or do they just not care at all? Do they think themselves so big or too engulfed in their own problems to consider anyone else's? The animal who blew his nose on the bill and then expected change evidently hated bus drivers. I had always, since I remembered, sucked on transfers and tickets. However, this was not out of malice but ignorance. Yet, there are those who do it on purpose."

Those who look down on bus drivers, by far the majority of people, must be insecure themselves. They are insulted and ordered about everyday by their bosses who themselves have the same insecurity. So, to build up one ego, each takes out his frustration on anyone available. The brunt of this discontent falls more often than not on a poor bus driver who drives everyone to work and cannot complain. But is it really the public's fault? Is each individual to blame? Or is the grim situation the work of the whole system of social inequality, bigotry, and suppression of the masses?

The Window

L. Landsberger

Among many significant entities in the room, the window is the most important. It has a personality so unique that its character cannot be duplicated in anything else. It is the room's life artery, and reflected in it is the temperament of the inhabitant of the room. It is the life-giving light of the person's soul.

In the morning, the sun streams through the waking body and mind, filling the man with happiness and enthusiasm for the coming day. At work and play, the person's radiant spirit excites admiration in everyone he meets. Like a guardian angel, his inner glow leads him toward success and fulfilment.

Upon coming home in the waning afternoon sun, the room's occupant sees the day past reflected in the window. The quiet peace of the blue sky with the red disc blushing on the horizon creates a tranquil atmosphere for relaxation.

However, one must be realistic and say that days like this do not always happen. Everyone knows of those mornings when the sky is grey, the air bad, and the ground wet. But

even in these cases, a large, friendly window can cure many evils. The wide square lets in more life-light than a small one, and the person's face remains luminous for this day as well.

One can never overestimate the value of a wide, sympathetic window for curing gloom and reinstating happiness and vigor with God's priceless gift of light.

Golden Silence

S. Watson

Before me is my typewriter - quiet, unmoving. The only sounds are the regular beat of my heart and the gentle ticking of the clock.

Now is the time to think and write, now when the thoughts of an individual belong to himself alone. It is now that I exist as I am - alone and for myself. I can forget the world and live without responsibility, free and easy. Now I can forget brothers and sisters, teachers and friends. Now I can forget, for now is the time to write what I wish to write on this blank, white paper. It is now that I can escape and make my own world - a world which I alone rule, a world of my paper and ink. Reality fades.

Still the deep, dark silence continues unbroken. Quietly, the forgotten time slips by, while on the page, from my private world, come the words, the sentences, the paragraphs which finally form my essay.

The silence breaks as a monstrous jet roars overhead. It disturbs my world and pulls me back to reality. I am reluctant to leave and I fight back. But, as always, reality wins; and my private world recedes into my sub-conscious, lost, for never again will I regain that lost world. Or will I when another work is due? And then, perhaps, the stillness will once again fall and permit me to submerge into its depths.

St. Catherine's Street

Anon.

Noxious salty air scratching cold throats,
Grating rubber on sandy ice,
White elixir etched on sepia walls
Falls into brown-sugar slush.

Remnants of Ourselves

P. Shepherd

Early morning Lagauchetiere,
newly woken
they stand.

Shrunken torsos cocked
on one leg,
sleep-smeared eyes
guiding the way
from Hydro-vents
where they lay,
in orphaned stupor,
they and the others -
Micawbers all.

Broken sentiments,
blown minds,
lives bound in perdition,
self-made?

Coarse, crazed shouting
as they stumble across the busy street
casts no light of understanding
on their shadows.

Unlike the red-stained,
autumnal ivy
they have no hidden class,
no ordained rebirth -
only the shattered humanity
in remnants of ourselves.

In the Hands of the People

The world
is for children.
Innocent faces
turn grim with age,
turn hard
with responsibility.

They will know
the world -
They will know
the world is
in the hands
of the children.

POEMS BY
B. Chambers

I Grew Up

I ran
then I fell.

I loved
then I hated.

I received
then I was deprived.



PHOTO: R. Schouela



PHOTO J. Harcourt

Loneliness

M. Vanier

Loneliness is a kind of madness, a type of death through which one must struggle to survive. It is a force which seeks to make us insane with the need for companionship, for comfort, for love. When one looks for these things, one finds only blackness - a nothingness which drives the calmest souls insane. Loneliness is a scream for help and no one answers. It is being greeted only by a deep, dark void which touches the very roots of humanity. Loneliness means remembering the joy of having, and living through the heartache of wanting. Loneliness is a human death, a solitude with no one to help or be helped. It is the spirit of giving with no one to give to; love with no one to love; and an eternal unrest in the mind. Loneliness is hell.



PHOTO

E. Kaufman

The Child

S. Mazza

From the cherubim's back, the cat fell; the cow
lost itself; the candelabra faded. Cybele set our
microcosm spinning on the column as I awoke and glanced
at the knobbed cross. The cock cried. Thrust up by the
centaur, the circle spread its canvas over the earth.

Generation Gap

D. Dydzak

The younger generation and the older generation
two opposing armies at a standstill
slashing at each other
not understanding.

WHY?

Because they are two opposite species
with contrasting views -
thinking in other terms about this world.

But then,
when the elders die
and the young people suddenly
find that they are older than they realize -
withered away,
they ponder why their children aren't
as they were when they were young and free
and sensible.

Old and young,
young and old,
they are really the same.

PHOTO

E. Kaufman



Echoes

M. Levy

And feeling lonely, the man departed to the mountains where he could yell out his grievances in solitude. "What went wrong?" he mumbled.

"Have you enough time for me to answer that question?" came the reply.

"Who's there?" asked the man, immediately on his guard.

"Who's there?" mocked the voice. "Me."

"But who is 'me'?"

"You are a man who is depressed because you have taken an overdose of thought about the world's arthritis."

"Will the world continue to turn?" the threatened man questioned.

"Man will survive because most men have the qualities necessary for survival," replied the essence. "But do you have the qualities to survive in a man's world?" asked the teacher of success.

"Well, I am a good man," replied the student. "I'm very honest. I never cheat people. I never cheat on tests, and I always pay all my taxes."

"I'm such a fool," laughed the echo. "I must have placed you on the wrong planet." And with that statement, the man was banished to the lands of the unicorn.

Disease

M. Levy

From the outset, he knew something was wrong. Something intangible was wrong. He tried, but he couldn't place it. So he told himself it was all in his head.

Eyes widened by amazement, he continued to stare at the impossibility. She was beautiful, and yet somehow, he knew she couldn't exist. He touched her fair skin. It was the same as his own. He counted. One . . . two . . . ten fingers! He even

looked for a third nostril, but she had only two. He was dazed by her perfection, but what was wrong? Why had he been warned to stay away from her?

Suddenly, he remembered the deadly disease which had been thrust upon her at birth. He staggered backward not wanting to catch the germs. "Stay away from her," he told a friend. "She's got religion."

A Window

R. Seton

Ruts and fragments of asphalt formed the sidewalks and an occasional patch of grass, muddied and ungroomed, appeared in front of the buildings. Each structure duplicated the next one - just as old, grey, and decayed. Every building's face was scarred by fire escapes. Garbage cans, stinking of weekly disposals, lined the street. In a vacant lot, tall, yellow grass grew among trash. Mustiness blanketed the entire area.

In one building, in a window facing an empty lot, a woman washed the window. She strained herself to reach the upper corners of it, to do a thorough job. It seemed senseless, in the midst of the filth growing on every wall, to spend so much effort. Yet for her, a little spot of cleanliness must be important to keep her sanity, to keep life going on.

Pandora's Box

G. W. W.

The dreamer spends his life turning on a pedestal, gazing starry-eyed at those around him. Friends, statesmen, even kings, prostrate themselves at his feet. He is the centre of the earth; the universe spins around him.

The dreamer's head swims with thoughts of grandeur. Pity him when his mind stops spinning. He will rue the day he must face Pandora's reality.

Twilight

R. Seton

It was dark and the lights of the hotels and resorts flashed on - outlining the coastline between the palm trees. Faint music drifted from the night-clubs, casinos, and dance halls. Night life began.

A man walked along the beach and observed the activities. He stepped on something sticky. It was oil. The man breathed heavily; he looked around. Still, the palm trees swayed gently in warm tropical breezes, but the man knew it was the final twilight.

Maker of Darkness

M. Levy

"I was wrong," the young mind thought. "Man did destroy himself before the year 2000. If John were alive, I would owe him a hundred dollars for losing that bet."

He scanned the sky, looking for his and man's saviour. But the sun of God did not strike his face and scold him for man's wrong; nor did the sun caress him and promise him another chance. It may have tried, but he only felt the blackness.

The dense smoke laughed at him. It beckoned, "Come closer; you have nothing to fear. Good always triumphs over evil." And the smoke belched and showed him three billion bodies. He hid hoping it would not find him.

Crawling on arthritic knees, Mother Nature pleaded for mercy. The man, amazed, watched her backbone snap and saw life drawn from her. His humanity possessed him; and jumping up, he prepared to fight the darkness. A black bullet carrying the infection pierced his brain and evil triumphed totally.

Ah! elegaic for the Dead!

Father O'Flynn has a long, withered face. Pale, you know. His whole face torn with wrinkles. Great, sad eyes. Ashes to ashes.

What were they thinking, doing, feeling when the mine collapsed?

Dust to dust.

Half of them were dead in an instant. The entire middle section of the pit opened like a sore and buried them alive.

The Lord giveth.

I believe some of them were still alive when they dug them out, five hours later. Alive, but only just.

And the Lord taketh away.

Some squashed like wasps against a wall. Some gasping vainly for air. Some lying, squealing like pigs in a slaughterhouse - pinned, bones crushed to splinters under the heavy beams. Dead and dying. . .

Father O'Flynn began his sermon. "Good fathers, husbands, friends. A great loss to the community. . ."

Beat their children. Beat their wives. Swore about their friends. Drank themselves into drunken stupours.

" . . . beloved . . . leaving cherished loved ones - bereaved mothers, wives, children . . . "

Whipped them with straps in white drunken fury until blood spurted. Mourning relatives? Mothers' tears bemoaning the loss of the callous hot-blood they despised - weeping for themselves. Wives shed oceans over the men they called dirty bastards and flung their curses at. Well-groomed children tearfully watching the coffins lowered - fathers whose drunken breath made them vomit, who beat them, beat them until they bled. . . .

Drunkards. Adulterers. Monsters. Swine. All of you! Bury them! Bury them! Bury them!

Nameless, faceless ones, I weep for your souls. I fall on my knees and weep for all of us.

Why must we die? Why? WHY?



And oh! how we wasted time, stripping off our inheritance of iron habits, donning new habits of delight - sensuous and deep.

We wasted time in thought. There was time only for action. We wasted time in action. There is time only for deeds. But deeds killed me, threw me from a cliff into the abyss.

Bang! And another suicide.

* * *

I stepped from the car into the street - into a cold breeze - escorted by two policemen. I was still only half awake. I turned and crossed toward the courthouse, heavy, grey brick of which I was once a pillar. It was early; we were alone; and in my mind, I was completely alone.

There is, in my opinion, a certain irony in it. Me, a member of the bar, a respected man of the law, brought before the judgement of a court. And, for what? Ambition. Vanity. Egoism. Yet there is no knife for Caesar.

The courtroom is different now. Once I knew it as a free man, but now, I am a prisoner. Alone in the defendant's seat, I have no defiance for the stone-faced judge or the steely-eyed jurors. The prosecutor delivers his quick, cold attack. I admire his professional qualities.

And yet I feel their sympathy, their compassion. I was once among them, wasting time as a free man. But I rejected them; I wanted more; I flew higher, nearer the sun. I was ambitious. I took bribes; I bore false witness; all the rest is frightful, too frightful. There can be no defense. There can be only one verdict - guilty.

The court disperses. The judge calls me to his chamber. His eyes are sadder now. "A terrible pity," he says. I appreciate his concern, but there is nothing more to do, no more to say.

The policemen remove me.

Outside, in the street, people are coming and going. Where are they going? Where do they come from? Do they wander aimlessly, facelessly? Or do they stride toward a bold destiny? How can I answer; my dream cannot provide solutions.

My Revelation

A sliver of penetrating
 light holds me to the ground -
 A piece of wood nailed to concrete.
 And ten thousand paranoid roses
 rise through emptiness before
 me, making me realize
 that
 I
 am
 GOD!

Junk

Piles of junk -
 each piece
 reflects
 a part of its
 former owner.

POEMS BY

M. Culver

Leaves

Leaves fall
 on black concrete -
 Orange against black;
 Life against death.

Dump

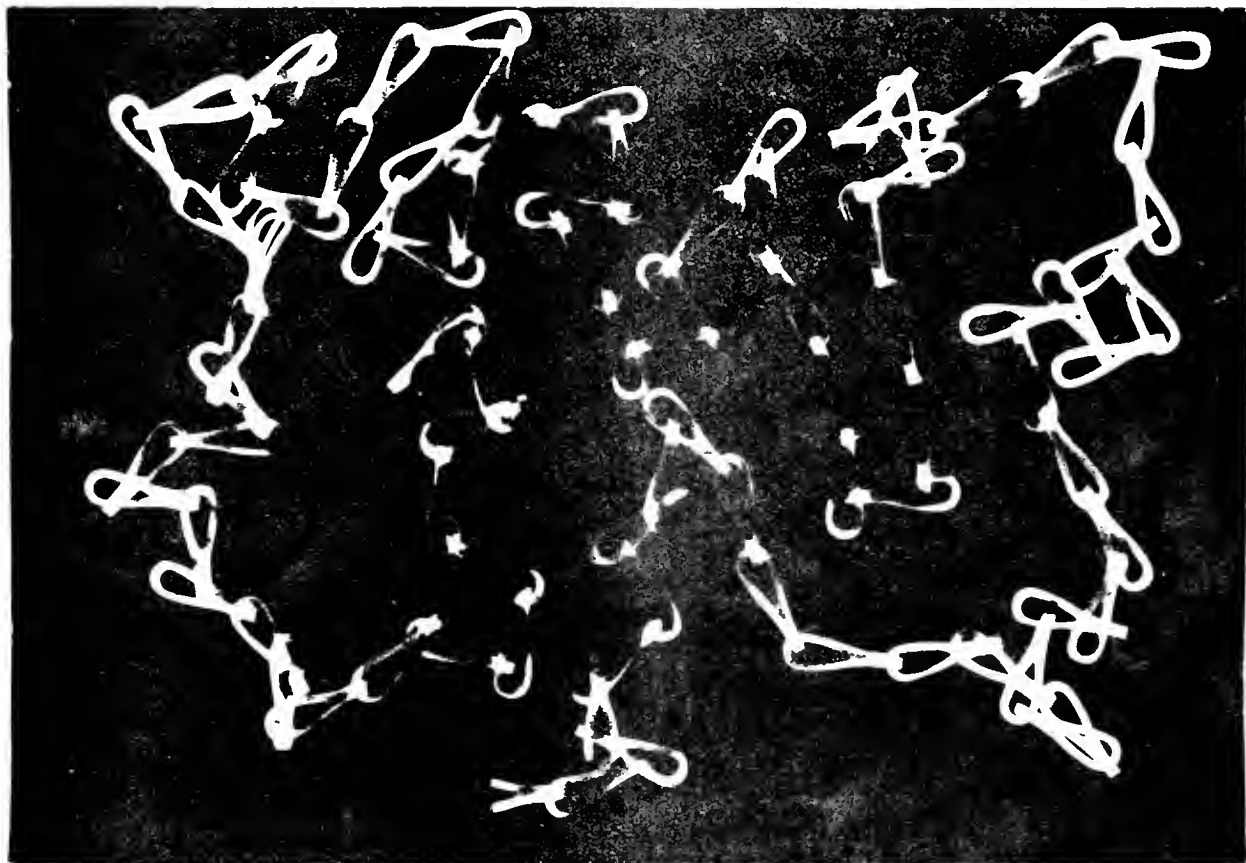
Reeking,
remnants of progress
twisted and confused
insults to man.

Rays

Golden bars
streak through panes
and crown dust
with imperial looks.

POEMS BY**K. Munro****Falling Rock**

Tumbling mass
hits the ground -
disintegrates
floating dust.



The Lie

J. Wallace

"That's a lie and you know it. Guards, lock him up. He will be executed at dawn tomorrow."

The story was that the king thought the peasant had stolen one of his sheep, but the truth was that the peasant had found the animal in his garden and had killed it and eaten it. He thought it was an ordinary sheep wandering from the hills.

They put the peasant in jail for the night and the next morning he called one of the guards and said, "Hey, how about doing me a little favour?"

The guard said, "What's in it for me?"

"A bottle of wine."

"What's the favour?"

"Take me to the king."

"Okay, I'll see if I can. I'll be back in a moment." He returned shortly and told the peasant, "Hey, Mack, you have permission to see the king. Come with me."

When he reached the king's room, the king said to the peasant, "We have proof that you did not steal the sheep. You can go now."

Pumpkin

A. Mackay

I'm a pumpkin and I am growing in manure in Australia. This fall, I will be picked. Well, the summer is over and here come the farmer to pick me. The next day, I am sent to the place where ships dock and am put on a big ocean liner. Five days later, I dock in Montreal. I am put ashore and sent to market. Later in the day, I am bought by some people. They take me home and take all the guck from me,

They carved some eyes, a nose, and a mouth in me. I certainly look like a Halloween pumpkin now. That night, they put a candle in me and put me on the window sill. After that, I see lots of children dressed up in costumes. In the morning, I am thrown out into the trash can. What an end for me.

Chestnut

F. Kristof

I am fat and brown, hanging in my house at the top of a chestnut tree. I'm ready to fall when a boy with a bag of chestnuts spots me. He climbs the tree, and reaches for me, but I fall to the ground. The boy climbs down and gets me.

He puts me in his pocket. When he gets home, he puts a hole in me and hangs me on a string. The next day, he brings me to school and I have a chestnut fight with another chestnut just like me. I fight like a dog. I win and I become a kinger.

Schoolbag

P. Stewart

Hi, I am Jack the schoolbag. I will tell you what a schoolbag's life is like. First, you are made; then, you're sold and taken home.

My owner's name is Paul. He takes me to school on his back. At school, he drops me, throws me, and shoves me around when he gets in lines. I hit the wall when he runs and am shoved into a locker. But the worst part is when your owner gets a ride. I know I get squeezed between the seat and me owner.

I have holes in me now. It is Paul's birthday today. He got a new schoolbag. I am going to the attic now and that's what a schoolbag's life is like.

Clown

M. Tune

One weekend, my family went to a circus. I saw a clown doing funny tricks. When the show was over, I went to the dressing room and saw the clown. His name was Jack and he was funny. When he was ready to go home, I said, "Why don't you come over to my house?"

"And he answered, "Okay, I'll come over." Then he went home and I went to bed. The next day, we went all over town.

A few weeks passed. Jack and I were close firends. He invited me to join him in his act. My part came up and I was nervous, but everyone laughed at me. The circus left and so did Jack. We said good-bye to each other. I was sad for a long time. Two years passed and I met Jack again. We were both very happy. Now we are pals and that is how we met.

Hourglass

K Small

I see an hourglass - the universe in all its magnitude; its petty grains are a forgotten record of things past. I think of the insignificance of these . . . tiny specks in the annals of time. Then, with a shock, I realize . . . the true status of man, a triviality . . . as irrelevance in the grandeur of the cosmos.

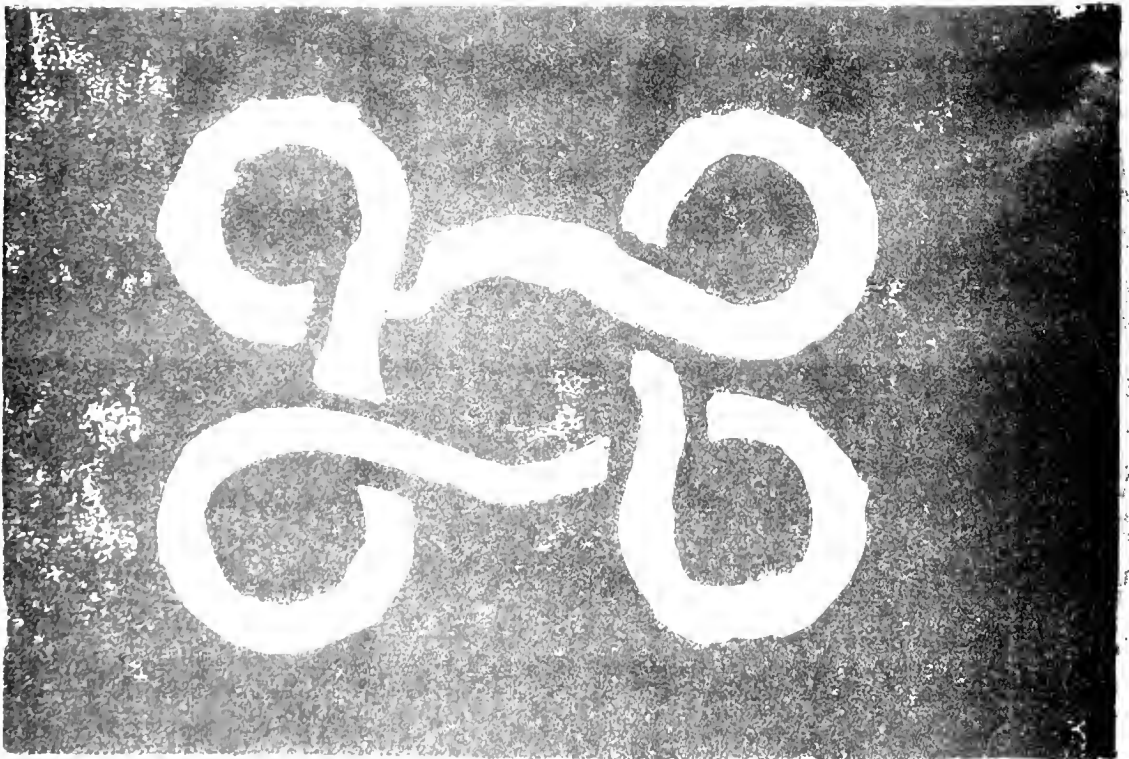
Gravity

P Mayer

slip

slide

and wonder why?



LHO

K Stiefenhofer

S. Iversen

I journeyed here from dust, and through my voyage, I expanded and grew. It was not laborious and the only consuming part of it was my surrender to human hands; they were not gentle as they touched my unscathed skin. The taint has never disappeared, but I hope that its stress will lessen.

From these hands, I passed through others - some holding me, others just touching with a concrete texture which cooled as I aged. I slid through all of them, but some reached after me to return me to their mold or to bid farewell; they had seen so many before.

When I grew weak, my debility seemed to attract. In coincidental haste, hands appeared - all types of hands, but all of the same insincere warmth. They hold their hands over fires and only leave the heat long enough to deliver such superficial gestures. Their warmth brought temporary comfort, but my discomfort became more pronounced when they withdrew altogether.

My situation was clear; death lay near, and it seemed as if relief were near. I saw myself dying, but at that moment between consciousness and eternity, I noticed hands reaching out for me; I could feel their radiant warmth and I so much wanted to reach out and clench the biggest one so that it could pull me back, back as if to the ship. It promised relief from my stress. But another hand bid me to come, one which I could not deny no matter how much I desired. I cried as I witnessed the disappearing warmth; my tears, though, fell into different hands which would hold me for good.

Books

C. Sandys

An anthology of lies reveal truth to the beholder. Emotions and outlooks scatter across white, innocent pages. Lives of men are reduced to petite chapters and are later scrutinized by critics. The knowledge, a foundation for the future, is passed from generation to generation until eternity.

The Carver

R. Pearson

As he sat with the loneliness of his shadow, his ancient, grey-bearded head nodded slowly. His body, wilting slowly, revealed his long life. In his weather-beaten hand, a knife worked slowly at an inanimate piece of wood.

The wood, the carver - which was which? Indeed, the piece of wood was like the man's life. He shaped and molded it as life had shaped and molded him. Given enough time, the old man would whittle the wood to nothingness as time itself would finally carve away the man's body.

Damaged Souls

R. Pearson

"Hell and damnation, sinners!" screamed the irate clergyman as he righteously surveyed his congregation.

They sat, bewildered by the sudden violent outburst and silent; rhetorical questions raced through their minds. "What have we done?" "Where have we gone wrong?" "What dastardly sin have we committed?" "Are we destined for Hell?" "Will our souls be eternally damned?"

The speaker stopped and the people dolefully filed from the church - left thoroughly confused by the unprecedented events of the past few minutes.

Dead Man

P. Mayer

All alone, he cried for friendship. He was cast away from society, from good nutrition, from a warm bed, and from the gentleness of a woman. He lacked a close link to humanity and life.

His expression darkened and he stood a short man, covered with St. Catherine Street grime. Lines etched by lack of love seem to cry even when he laughs. He reaches out to obtain a smile, some slight gesture of his worth; but when you beg everyday, you either harden or crack.

It was then he turned to the bottle - a common disease of rich and poor alike. Alone, he drinks his cheap gin bought with coins gathered in front of Eaton's. He crawls the streets and bumps into buildings.

Momentarily startled by the contact, he stops and then continues. The man is dead - living in an ugly vacuum of grime and filth with only unhappy dreams for company. To die within one's lifetime is the end. Without love and warmth, life is a lie.

Old Man

S. Gameraff

An old man got into his old-fashioned car and put the rusty key into the slot. The car did not start until he gave it some gas. He then put the car into second gear and chugged off. Behind the wheel he sat smoking a cigar. He had whiskers all over his face because he never shaved.

Finally, he arrived at the store and bought a Sunday paper. He went back to his car and went home. When he was home, he sat in his comfortable chair and read the paper he had bought. That is what he does every Sunday.

Plight

G. Iny

Who is this lonely decrepit individual? Why do his feet shuffle so listlessly? And that wrinkled hand, why does it shake incessantly?

His face is lined with the scars of many years of sorrow. His sunken eyes stare aimlessly at nothing, convincing proof of one whose soul has been crushed and beaten. He has not sinned, yet he is desolate. This is our plight - the plight of the aged.

Glassy View

D. Bloxam

Swirling around on the inside, I look out upon that blurred multi-coloured world. Outside things move slowly; but in here, everything is the same everyday. Strange liquids fill me; some bitter, some sweet. Exotic colours, each has a different effect on those blurry figures who drink from me.

Wonder

A tiny boat upon a sheet of glass.
A silent youth alone
with fish jumping into the sun
grasped by God's slender fingers.

POEMS BY
C. Norris

Junk Yard

Composed of old deserted cars
and ancient iron bars,
they lie buried by my side -
utensils of society, died.

Castle

The castle,
a majestic fortress,
a thorny crown
upon the hill.
Peace reigns
over the domain.



Birth**R. Nordin**

Powdery tentacles
 with the germ of life.
 Layer upon layer
 changing colour
 as curling leaves
 wrap around
 the genesis of beauty.

POEMS BY
J. Assefin

Flower

White as a feather
 but having more rhythm
 more pattern -
 a flower
 in the bare field.

Life Time

Dark night, shining day -
 White feathers, blackened branches -
 My life in colours.



**WINTER
 BRANCH**

C a r**D . D o r r**

Driving
Driving on!
Red light!
STOP!
an accident,
blood-stained street.

F r e e d o m**R . S c h o u e l a**

No restrictions
on where to go
on how to feel or be -
freedoms we share
but do not know.
I won't let them
fly by me.

Q u i e t**I . R o s s**

The bicycle glides
quietly
along the road
during a bad storm.

G u i l t**D . D a w s o n**

Guilt,
like a river
eroding its banks,
carries sediment
until it is too heavy.

F l i n t**M . C a r t e r**

Greenness abundant,
shining in the sun
mystery
beautiful for everyone.

J. Trott

The morning was fine, with a clear sky, a light wind, and the inviting prospect of a day-long picnic. David and Susan took out the picnic hamper and started to fill it. They put in four chicken sandwiches, a few sour pickles, two pieces of layer cake, two bottles of pink-coloured lemonade, and six chocolate cookies. They went outside, got on their bicycles and went on their way laughing, talking and joking. David went ahead to look for a nice, cool place to eat. He found one right under a giant oak. They got off their bicycles. It was close to noon so they decided to eat.

They had an excellent lunch, but there was so much that they decided to leave some until later. Susan suggested that they cool off by taking a nice, quiet sleep. It lasted about forty-five minutes.

Then they decided to burn off some energy by playing hide-and-go-seek. David was it. He counted to a hundred, and then went to look for Susan. She was hidden behind a nearby tree and he walked right by her and kept on going into the woods. Meanwhile, Susan had freed herself, and seeing her brother had been a long time in the woods, she set out to find him. She knew what an adventurous boy he was so she made haste. She found him and brought him back.

They were hungry again; so remembering the left-overs, they went back to the hamper. To their astonishment, there was nothing left! They knew there was no one else in the area so who could have done it? They heard a slurping sound above them; they looked up and saw, peering at them, two gleaming eyes belonging to a mischievous raccoon - so innocent looking that you would never suspect him for a minute unless you saw the evidence. Right beside him were two cookies, a half bottle of lemonade, one pickle, and a fragment of that superb layer cake. David and Susan broke into laughter. Then David called to the mischievous fellow to bring back their lunch, but he just sat there and scolded them as if to say, "No way." After trying a few more times, David found it useless to try any longer. So they took the hamper, got their bicycles and rode home vowing never to go there again for fear of having their food taken by that mischievous creature.

When they got home, they had an unbelievable story to tell their parents. It took a lot of convincing to make their parents believe the story, but their parents agreed with them when they said they would not go back to that place. It isn't hard to believe what people will do to protect their food.

Engine Collapse

M. Pitsokos

I got up in the morning with my brother Jack. We decided that we should go on a boat ride to the island across the lake from ours. We had breakfast, and then, Jack had an idea. We should camp at the island for a whole night. We left early in the morning and took our tents, food, and sleeping bags to our yacht, Sharky. Since we were sixteen, we had just obtained our licences earlier that year.

When we left, the lake was calm and clear so we decided to fish. In about an hour, we caught two salmon and one pike so we continued for the island. Suddenly, the engine choked and broke down. We tried to start it again, but it wouldn't work. We opened the engine and saw that the spark plugs were burnt out and we had no extras. There was no way to get home so we radioed home for help.

My mother came in the small boat and brought the tool kit which we had forgotten. We took out the burnt plugs and replaced them. Soon, the engine started and we thanked our mother and left for the island.

One Day

C. Spiegel

When we heard Black Jack in the moonlight, we knew someone was going to die so we raced quickly to town to find out who went 'un dun it. We saw that the victim was ol' John Tanner. We all cried while we heard the wolf's cry in the moonlight. John Tanner's as dead as I'm standin' here. We's went back to our houses and slept til dawn. Then we went down to out fields and worked. Durin' our work, ol' Dick Martin passed away and my wife thought it was the work of ol' Black Jack.

That night, we's went to wait for ol' Black Jack because we's wanted to get rid of that ol' murderer. No one of us got to see 'im - only now and then. The only way to kill 'im was to drive a stake through his heart, so we went 'un did it. Then we's left 'is bones to rot. The next night was quiet and nice an' we didn't have to worry 'bout ol' Black Jack no more!

Sun

N. McConnell

Sweeping with grace,
radiant beams move
through bright blue sky
and fills the country
with sparkle
like a blue stream.

Canoe Trip

C. Arnold-Forster

The morning was fine, with a clear sky, a light wind, and the inviting prospect of a day-long picnic. When I woke one morning at a private fishing club, I woke my family and we set out, after having a nourishing breakfast.

The lake didn't even have a wrinkle on it. The birds sang and the fish jumped. The air was filled with the sweet smell of balsam. As we skimmed across the lake, we saw red and gold ribbons.

After we traversed the lake, we took a portage. The grass was still dewy. Toads hopped about. Our feet got soaked and our legs got tired. By the time we crossed the second lake, the sky began to cloud over and look dismal. It looked so gruesome we decided that the best route home was the one we had come on.

Just as we opened the door to our snug, little cottage, it started to pour. When we settled in, I thought the food was delicious even though we didn't have the view.

Ransacked Room

C. Arnold-Forster

I returned from school all cheerful, happy and relieved. I went straight up to my room, and opened the door. I stopped short, horror-struck. My room was turned inside out! My lamp tilted awkwardly to one side in a corner. My desk had a nasty gash down its side. Everything was either opened, tipped over, or destroyed. On my bed, I saw two little grey spots which looked like clods of mud. They were paw marks. Then I realized that this was the doing of my puppy - he and his mischievous, clever, and naughty ways. When I got downstairs, he gave me a curt, cute little glance which looked so innocent, I had to forgive him.

Yesterday**J. Stanley**

Time passed,
 the fleeting moment
 that none could grasp.

I tried to catch the shadow -
 my moment of materialism,
 but it's already . . .
 yesterday.

Morning**R. Rohlicek**

The morning mist clears;
 Sun shines through
 On an isolated log.
 A duck and young ones
 Sit
 And drink the sun of life.

**Waves**

Bending, moving with winds,
 reflecting light,
 then
 green waves
 roll across the ground.

Life-flowing

Life-flowing
 crackling fire -
 sweet flower essence
 smooth velvet petal
 hot, spicy fire.

POEMS BY
S. Mazza

**POEMS BY
M. Whitehead**

Z

A man
on his knees
sleepwalking.

Blue

A clear sky,
sad music,
holding your breath.

Summer in the North

Tundra blazonry, gaily coloured,
laughs at the lukewarm wind
and sun, reflecting off cold rivers,
dances to every whim.



PHOTO R. Nordin

Mountain Lake

From a trickling stream
nestling in a valley of giants
talking back to the sun
in its haven of peace.



PHOTO B. Nordin

Accident

Running, leaping - HIT!
 Loud screams, bright blood,
 screeching tires!
 A small boy
 lies
 wide-eyed,
 shocked.

POEMS BY
R. Rothgeh

Doll

Blonde hair, beautiful
 swinging hips,
 swishing legs
 staring eyes follow.

Stars,
 evil eyes flickering,
 approach.
 Where can I go?
 Oh stars! Dreadful stars,
 I am blind.
 Help!

Darkness**A. Schubert**

Golden fingers strangle me.
 Why don't I move?

I am doomed,
 doomed
 until . . .
 day comes.

Mess your woven hair
 in a marshmellow-pillow dream.
 Rest your sizzling fingertips
 in an orchard of whipped cream
 and lie on your mellow bed
 of snowy, melted meranque.
 Taste my inner feelings
 of love I cannot rhyme
 so I splashe your -urning tongue
 into my fudge-liquid mind;
 and realize I can see
 into your caramel textured mind.

Sweet Love

J. Antony



The Human Beat

T. Power

A heart beat
 characteristic
 of a human beat
 and like a man,
 "it" does
 constructive
 work, and is
 subject to error.
 Different faces
 show different
 feelings. "They"
 have a definite
 rhythm - a
 defintie span.

"They" also have their
 hands to aid "them" in their
 work. "They" are a source of data
 and help man. "They" represent daily
 life, but depend upon man for their
 life. "They" are so human, yet
 "they" are not. Man needs
 "them". His life is based
 upon their accurate
 functioning. Are
 "THEY" human?
Hardly! ! !
 "They" depend
 on the human
 for their beat,
 for their rhythm.

Computer Card

R. Small

I am fed into the SELWYN COMPUTER to be examined, stamped, and punched until I am riddled with holes - a representation of the sum of accumulated information. However, when I am printed out, I am no wiser despite the data so eternally imprinted upon me.

Dove

R. Small

The dove climbed gently into the air after it left its perch. It sensed the oncoming breeze and turned its head into it. Grasping the frail olive branch tightly in its beak, the little bird floated across the land. It saw a red figure far below. Suddenly, a loud report filled the air, and the dove plummeted toward the ground.

Success

A. MacAuley

The baby struggled slowly to its feet. This time, he clutched the edge of the crib and worked his way slowly along the side. I wanted to reach out and give him the toy, but something restrained me - maybe the will of a father which seemed to cover the whole room; and after all, he was not hurting himself - he was learning how to coordinate his movements. As he approached the toy, the tension rose. He stumbled and fell. Everyone gasped, but the baby fell by the toy and quickly grasped it. He sat up and held the toy high in triumph. Everyone felt proud and happy as if each had been the sole cause of success even though not one had moved to help.

M. Gabriel

Zero. That's the temperature outside. Only I know that. I'm inside and have a thermometer.

Outside, two-footed bears scuffle the slush in front of the yard. A furry couple waits for a taxi. The woman's mouth keeps spouting steam and the man mechanically turns his head to watch the advancing line of cars. The woman sighs and stops talking. She looks around while he signals a taxi. One stops and they enter, slam the doors, and the car disappears into semi-darkness.

I turn up the heater. It's still zero.

A woman trudges by, a grocery bag supported on one forearm, and her other hand grasps the tiny hand of a snow-suited child. The child stumbles twice and each time is rescued by his mother's re-assuring grip.

The temperature drops to minus one and my window fogs from my breath. I wipe it clear and pull the blinds. Everything in the room sleeps except me; life still goes on outside.

Society's People

H. Paterson

A sea of varnished faces stared blankly at the empty windows. Glazed eyes probe the air for concrete answers while evanescent thoughts criss-crossed in confusion. Whirring minds hummed, but there was no melody in their answers. The day ended and sleep came with the moon.

While drooping eye-lids closed off reality; imagination emerged from imprisonment and hypnotized the audience. Thunderous applause greeted her appearance, and the stifled theatre air became fresher. As she sang and danced, the people laughed and their faces became carefree and younger. Four encores later, she disappeared; in her place stood a threatening, black-suited man who clutched a whip in one hand and a wad of bills in the other. The people jeered but the lashing whip silenced them.

The bus lurched and everyone woke clutching his side, grimacing with pain. They stared, puzzled; they did not understand. When the answer appeared to them, they greeted each other as long lost brothers.

Cannibals

J. Goodall

Their dark, cannibalistic eyes stared greedily at the victim. Their enemy's massive belly revealed itself through a huge, cotton shirt soaked in sweat. His innocent, unsuspecting manner brought sadistic smiles to the faces of several of the boney, half-starved faces looking at this specimen. Their rotting teeth shone and they thought of aching stomachs finally soothed by food.

This specimen, they would digest for several days, just as a python. Then, once again, the barbarians would seek food. Many would die to provide food for others to survive and their native minds showed more intelligence than the apes swinging in the trees.

Disinterest

A. MacAuley

My coat flapped in the wind and banged me. It didn't hurt, but I hated it anyway. The bus was late again and I was freezing, literally. It wasn't made better by the fact that I had to watch people in warm cars drive by. The scene in front of me hardly varied as the wrong buses went by. The lights changed monotonously. The queue grew. Then an old lady started across the street. She slipped. The lights changed. A taxi rushed through and then stopped. The bus arrived, and I thought as I climbed the steps, "Poor guy, he'll lose his license."

Flames

M. Whitehead

Flickering, their tongues greedily yearn for something more to grow on. Hypocritically, their mask of light betrays none of their desire. Still, they exist in frigidity, casting their coat of warmth upon any passer-by. Once snarled in their whirlpool, a victim of someone else's carelessness cannot hope for assuagement. Victims of their own avarice, they are symbols of cruelty.

Joys of Procrastination

N. Maris

Jack Mason was an average, eleventh grade student. He was an industrious boy and managed to achieve good marks. He did, however, possess one flaw; he could not manage to hand in his many projects on time. Each teacher set deadlines; and in each case, Jack was a week late. One of Jack's teachers was very strict and insisted upon having any project (long or short) in on time. Since he did not wish to fail, Jack always handed the assignments in exactly on time. By making a big effort, Jack was able to successfully complete the work even though his part-time job took a large portion of his spare time.

Seeing that the stricter teacher achieved results, others on staff began enforcing deadlines. Jack Mason knew he was hopelessly lost. He could not possibly hope to do everything on time. In order to finish the different assignments, he skipped one day from work, but even this drastic measure did not solve the problem. The work came in two days late.

He lost the job and then a teacher told him that he could not accept the late work. Without a job and without the marks, Jack left school and returned home thinking of the joys of procrastination.

Pride

P. Hartwig

Pride is a jewel; it is a polished gem put on display. Kings and peasants, politicians and labourers have died for it. To rob a man of his pride is an unpardonable sin for a man without dignity is not a man.

Search

P. Hartwig

Man strives to know everything. He hopes to discover the key to the universe. Yet, for every new discovery ten more questions arise. A futile task for man cannot even understand himself.

A youth's steady pace clicked along wet pavement on a quiet side-street. He pushed his hands hard into his pockets. As he walked, his bowed head watched his feet appear and disappear in front of him. He was barely conscious of the ground he'd covered, but it didn't matter. What mattered was that he was finally free - free from his little brothers and sisters, free from all his troubles.

He reached an intersection and paused for a light. An old man came up beside him to wait for the light. It was a long light; and Jim unconsciously stared at the worn out figure beside him. Scraggy stubble growing from under his cheek bone drooped over his lower face and neck. A delicate nose separated two grey eyes which betrayed exhaustion in their transparent expression. Jim felt that this old man had acquired all knowledge, and he respected the old man for his integrity in surviving so long. He felt compelled to ask the old man what life was and what might be in store for him for surely if anyone might know, it would certainly be this man.

The light changed and the old man stepped from the curb to slowly cross the street. He left Jim behind leaning against a lamp post. Jim felt his abandonment, not understanding, just aware that he was all by himself.

Jim pulled his hands from his pockets as he leaned, watching the cars go by. He folded his arms across his chest for he suddenly felt very cold. In the middle of his desolation, he yearned intensely for his friends and for his parents. He wanted to be with somebody, with anybody.

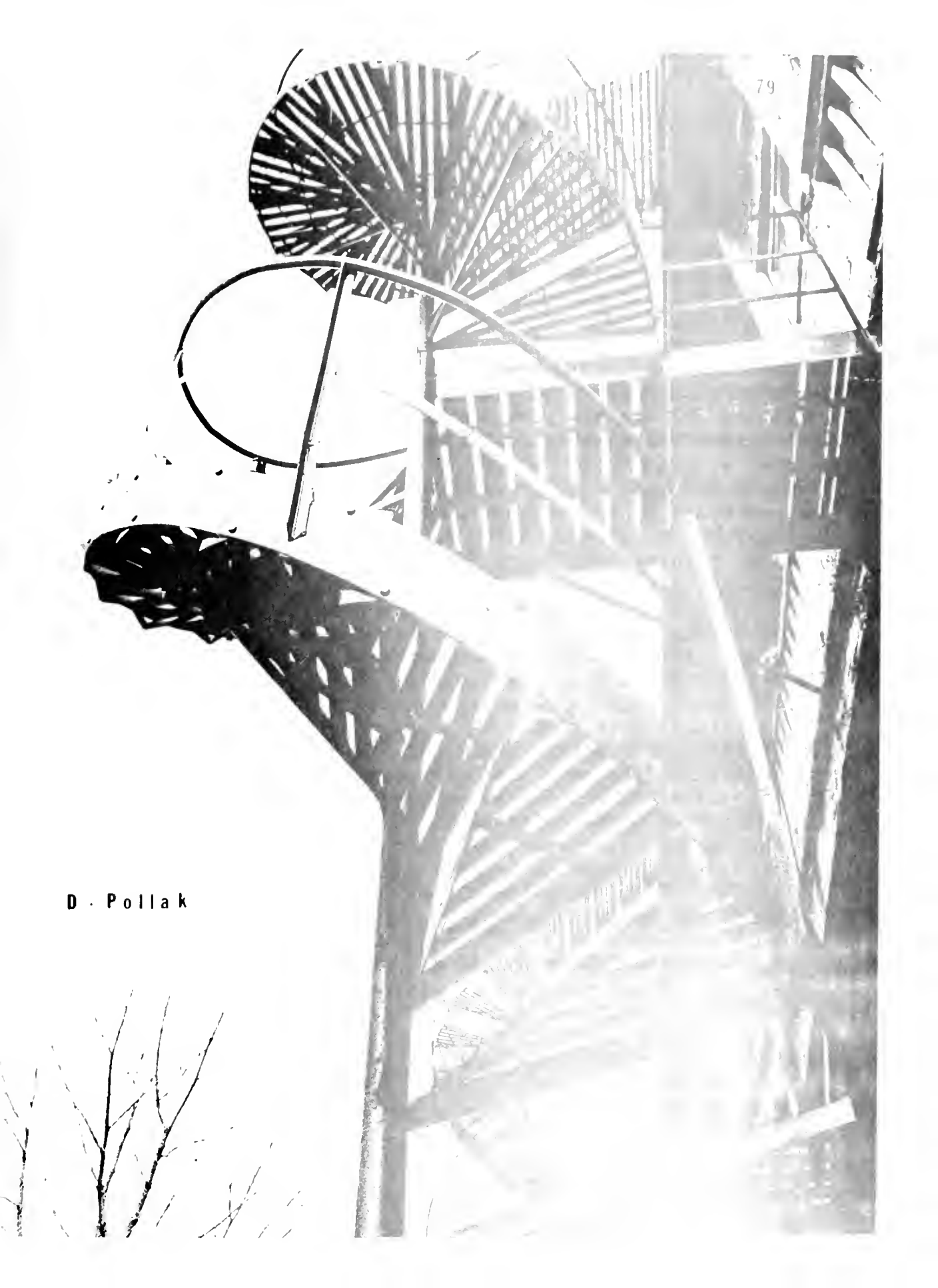
He probed his pocket for a dime; he was sure he put it there this morning, but he pulled out a crumpled candy wrapper. It was all too evident; Jim hadn't a cent.

He looked around desperately; and there, down the block, a beacon in the dark, was a telephone booth. It was a one-in-a-million chance, but maybe, luck would bring him salvation.

Panicky, he ran toward the light. When he reached the booth, he opened the doors and shoved his fingers in the coin return. His hand felt something. He removed it. In the light, he saw a shining new dime. Providence! He dropped his dime in the slot and dialed his home.

When he was home and when he finished thanking his father, he went to bed; and in his dreams, the old man kept walking - only now Jim walked by his side.

D · Pollak



Sunset in Cape Cod

G. Galeotti

The gulls which have been fishing all day settle in their nesting grounds. The Canada geese, flying in the cool, still air, flap their wings rhythmically as they move with great power, dignity and solemnity over the wild expanse. All is sad and still and beautiful as the sun starts edging itself into the vast ocean. The top of the water becomes gilded and then slowly darkens to violet. A few minutes later, only the clouds reflect the pink-purple light of the sun and the moon starts shining brighter in the early evening sky.

Horst Wessel's Eulogy

J. Flemming

A new age has begun as old mores and their makers are swept away. Victory for the storm troopers is "just around the corner." Sherbrooke Street will melt into a neat and tidy concrete bouquet blooming in the city's lap. Long live victory! Deliverance is near.

. . . only the patterns in the dust will remain from broken civilization. . . .

Roads

K. Munro

Endless as the night, they stretch to the horizon. Scars on the earth, they plough, hard and cold, through wilderness. Crisscrossing, they disguise the earth as a massive checker board. Like flies on flypaper, humans find themselves stuck to their pavement. Tunnelling mountains, spanning rivers, nothing hampers their progress. Increasing in size, they devour the land. Increasing in number, their victory is at hand.

Labour of Love

J. Hollinger

Once, there was a little saint who had lived a long and happy life. One day, God's angel came to the saint who was working in the monastery kitchen washing pans.

"God sent me," the angel said. "The time has come for you to take your abode in eternity."

"I thank God for thinking of me," replied the angel, "but as you can see, there is a great heap of pans to be washed. I don't want to seem ungrateful, but do you think I might postpone the offer until I have finished."

The angel looked at him in the wise and loving way of angels. "I'll see what can be done." And he vanished.

The little saint went on with his pans and a great number of other things too. One day as he stood hoeing in the garden, the angel appeared again. The saint pointed with his hoe. "Look at all the weeds," he said. "Do you think eternity can hold off a little longer?" And again the angel vanished.

The saint went on hoeing and then he painted the barn. With one thing and another, time passed until once more the angel came as the saint was in the hospital helping the sick. As he finished giving water to a patient, he noticed the angel. The saint pointed to the sufferers and the angel understood and vanished.

That evening, when the little saint retired to his cell and sat on the cot, he began to think about the angel and how he had put him off for such a long time. Suddenly, he felt very old and very tired and he said. "God, if you would like to send your angel once again, I think I should like to see him now."

At that moment the angel appeared and the saint said, "If you still want me, I'm ready to start my eternal life." The angel looked at the saint in the wise and loving way of angels, and said, "Where do you think you've been?"

Christmas Tree

G. Daly

Once there was a Christmas tree that was never chosen. But one day a man came and cut me down. He put me in a truck and drove off. We travelled about an hour. Suddenly, we stopped. The man picked me up and threw me into a batch of Christmas trees. One day a man named Bob came to buy a tree. He bought me and took me home and showed me to all his family. He left me outside for about a week. Then he came to get me. It was Christmas Eve and all the children decorated me. That night, they all went to bed and left me alone. Suddenly, I heard a noise coming from the chimney. It was Santa Claus. He put all the presents under me. Then he went back up the chimney.

In the morning, the children ran downstairs and opened all their presents. About one week after Christmas, they threw me out. That's how my life ended.



PHOTOS

A. Ludasi

G. Canlett

On Halloween night, my house turns haunted. When I walk on the floor, it screeches at me. When I open a door, a pumpkin glares at me. Halloween is a very spooky night, and things always seem to stare at me.

At last, it is time to go to bed. I get into bed and I look over to the other side of the room and see a skelton. I cannot sleep until the night is over.

Smokey

D. Stevens

"Chug! Chug! Chug!" went Smokey the freight train. He was a small train and did not go very far each day. Today, he got lost in a canyon. He was very scared. "I don't know how to find my way back to the station," he said.

"Crash!" Smokey stopped. He had run out of fuel. As he looked around, he got worried. "There is nobody for miles," he thought. Days and nights passed. Nobody came to get Smokey.

After two weeks, Smokey heard a noise. A train had come to find him. A man got out and looked at the little train. "I see you have no fuel. My train will push you back."

When Smokey got back, everybody crowded around him. If you ever see a little train running along at forty miles an hour, you'll know it will be Smokey.

Dream

P. Saykalg

I was in a very strange place. Beautiful flowers were all around, but there was no sound at all. I started to walk. There were little houses, but no one was there. The church was a lovely building, and it looked very old. I went in and nobody was there either. I started to think, "Where are all the people. This is the strangest place I've ever seen. No people and no animals, just flowers." I walked farther, and in a couple of blocks, I saw a spooky house. I went in and called, "Is anybody home?" No one answered so I turned to go outside, but the door would not open. I called my parents. Suddenly, someone jerked my arm and said, "Son, you're dreaming."

Snowflake

T. Zyto

Once, in a village of snow, high in the sky, my family and I were sitting in some chairs reading a newspaper, having pillow fights and playing "Partcheeze." Then, one of us said, "Let's go down to earth and see how it looks."

But I said, "No way! Do you want to be crushed?"

He said, "No."

Then I said, "What are we waiting for? Let's go."

So we climbed down on a ladder. When we got down, I said, "I don't like it here."

My brother who was eight started to go up, but he couldn't because the ladder disintegrated. He tried to jump up, and I said, "What are you doing?"

"Jumping to our house," he said.

"Sit down," I said. Then I started to jump and I made it. Then I said, "Hey, you guys, jump," and they made it and we all went home.

When my mother asked, "did you have trouble?" we answered, "no."

Snowflake

D. Yull

On Monday morning, I asked my mother, "Where are we going today?"

She answered, "We are going to earth today, son."

We had fun on the trip. I was sizzling in and out of the clouds. When we got to earth, I saw children making a snowman. After a little while, I was picked up by a boy named Mike. He put me on the snowman.

The next day, some big boys came and they broke the snowman and that was the end of me.

Snowflake

C. Chang

I am a snowflake. I came from the clouds up in the sky. The wind blew me down to this earth. I saw some other snowflakes and they were pleased to meet me. The children were too. When the children went out to play, they mixed me with some other snowflakes until I became a snowball. After they played with me enough, I became slush and they didn't play with me any more. The sun came up and I felt hot. Soon I was dirty water and then dried up. That is how my life ended.

J. Housey

Oh, hello! Just a minute please, I'm being printed. There we go. I'm a thousand dollar bill. I was just pressed between two inky metal plates in the Ottawa mint. I'm going down a moving belt toward the inspection place. I'm afraid because if I have one flaw I shall be burnt. Oh, how cruel! I just saw a one dollar bill burned. Am I lucky; I passed inspection. I can see pennies, nickels, quarters, dimes, and lots of dollar bills being made.

I fell off the belt onto a long, metal plate. A machine picked me up and put me in a crate. The crate had many other bills piled neatly. A man went out to an armoured truck and started putting the crates in the back. The truck was going to a bank, but a hundred feet from the bank, four men jumped from a limosine. They shot at the wheel of the truck.

BLOINK! The truck had a flat. By this time, the police arrived. There were two police cars. The reason I saw all this was because my crate was tall enough to reach the window of the truck. Before the robbers could take the money, the guards shot at the robbers. The robbers ran to the limosine and started shooting at the truck men and the police men. Well, I thought it wasn't fair because the police had two machine guns, four rifles and pistols. Six against four. Pretty good.

Oh yes, on with the story. It was awfully noisy, but would you believe that the robbers were winning the shoot-out? A lot of people were watching and a good citizen came along and helped the police overpower the robbers. The police caught all the robbers. They were so happy that they gave the good citizen a thousand dollar bill. Guess who that bill was? It was I. The good citizen put me in the bank and I was glad because I was safe.

Diary Excerpts**I. Brydon**

FEBRUARY 2, 1974: Saturday morning.

The sky is dull and dark. The trees look like giant black arms, and the snow looks like blue powder. The houses stand like still statues.

Saturday afternoon.

It is bright and the sun reflects off the snow and ice. The snow is lumpy and looks like mixed gravel. On the roofs are snow and ice. The frozen ice has clogged the chimney.

Mask

R. Iton

A smile in the dark, a smile from behind someone's shadow. A grin that does not fulfil its purpose - no make-up, just a smile on an overshadowed face. Eyes blind toward light because of the shadow it lives behind. An occasional grin, no fraction of the limelight inside the shadow. Like two behind one, the one is more important and the second must wait its turn.

Smokey

A. Vivian

I am five years old and I am enjoying a smoke. You may think I am too young to smoke, but you are wrong. I am a smoke stack, and smoking is my job. I am made of brick and I live on top of General Motors of Canada. It is chilly up here because I am close to the harbour where there is quite a wind, but at least the harbour gives me something to do watching all the ships go by. Sometimes I exchange smoke signals with friendly smoke stacks on ships.

You people may think we are dirty - wrong again! We are nice and clean - from our point of view. Here comes my friend, Chip, the chimney sweep. Chip comes every week and gives me a good cleaning, and also tells me what goes on in town. Scratch, scratch, - ah, this feels good; a massage is a delight to a chimney like me.

Two months ago Chip took his holiday. About three weeks after he left, I felt a little too warm. I felt choked up and could not breathe properly, and the sting was unbearable. I heard someone say, "fire!" I looked around but did not see any fire. I looked up and saw a little spurt of red coming from me. I was on fire! The fire department arrived. Their truck ladders went to the sixth floor, but I was on the seventh. They shot water at me, but it did not get the fire. They aimed again. This time they made it. I felt so good. I sighed with relief.

In the crowd watching, I saw Chip. I thought what an awful experience for a smoke stack, and I was glad Chip was back.

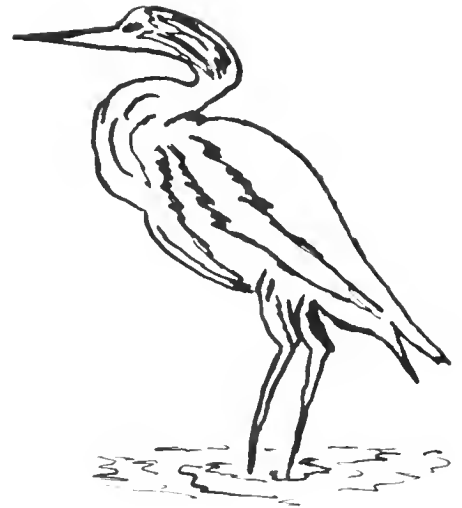
POEMS BY
S. Langshur

Emotion

Hate
 feeds
hate.

Life

The looming shadow
outlined against the dusk
stirs
and the great, blue heron
rises -
 filling the evening sky.



A Raindrop

Flattened
on the surface,
face down -
 a raindrop.

Armageddon**J. Schwartz**

Wars of the future,
 Wars of the past,
 The War of Wars
 Is come at last.

But war is still'
 A sadist's dream,
 And young men spill
 Their blood in streams.

The ships of state
 On stormy seas
 Contend for fate
 And victory.

The war goes on,
 While 'neath its wake
 Dead warriors sleep,
 Beyond their pain.

The heavens above,
 In mourning, weep,
 As quakes of hate
 Shake through the deep.

This lad hath staked his bloodied head
 Upon the triumph of his king;
 But now this lad his flesh hath shed,
 And none his memory will cling.

The trumpets wail
 And soldiers reel,
 And soldiers fall,
 And hurl their screams.

This lad hath staked his bloodied head
 Upon the triumph of his king;
 But now this lad his flesh hath shed,
 And none will home his body bring.

The war goes on - a raging gale;
 A lightning flash - a life is gone.
 Shrill trumpets wail a mourning song,
 And arrows crash through coats of mail.

This lad hath staked his bloodied head
 Upon the triumph of his king;
 But now this lad his flesh hath shed.
 No choirs his requiem shall sing.

The trumpets wail, the war goes on,
 And souls from tortured bodies drift
 Through halcyon seas toward the light of Dawn
 Of Judgement Day, and Peace on Earth.

Canada at 4:30

J. Schwartz

A white silver tray
 upon which are laid
 English tea in a Yankee pot
 and little, French pastries -
 inedibly hot.



Fast flowing river,
 rapids in between,
 boat racing, waterskiing?
 Polluted river . . .
 "NO DRINKING!"

River

A. Lewis

Cold nips at your feet,
 dazzled by bright reflections.
 The odour of burning wood,
 the crunch of brittle surfaces;
 and then,
 the sipping of cocoa
 in the lodge.

Winter

P. Baillargeon

Conceptions of Reality

Conceptions of reality
are strange -

black, white, grey,
all mixed
in a red cushion.

But is it red?
or black?
or grey?
or white?

Reality differs,
but the cushion -
the cushion
remains the same.

POEMS BY
J. Flemming

Wind

The tear-strangled wind
blew,
and leaf followed leaf
to oblivion.

Rain

The cloudy countenance
of a raindrop
smashed
on the pavement -
water ran
in groups.

One room mansions
cluster
in horrifying regularity.

★ ★ ★

Shimmering leaves
suspended on maples
age slowly.



D POLAK

D u m p**M. Roy**

Rusty, broken bodies
 are income for some -
 a furry friend protects,
 BEWARE!

M e t o n a m y**C. Sandys**

The cinders
 acrid smell -
 a metonymy
 of age.

G r a v e y a r d**S. Watson**

Graveyard for man's
 forgotten folly
 Dead to the surrounding world
 a monument.

J u n k Y a r d**C. Mather**

Foul fumes
 mix
 garbage
 thrown in confusion
 useless,
 forgotten,
 lowly items -
 DEAD.

Groups of words bundled
together, the inner mind
put down on paper.

Moss

Green webs
intricately woven together.

POEMS BY
S. Sullivan

Junk Yard

A desolate land
of waste .
life without life
death without death.

Blue

Cold artic sea
a vastness of sky
fresh blueberry.

Dump

Miniature city of high piled tires
habitat of ingenious mice
wooden watch towers
with rat guards
watch over the city.

POEMS BY

M. Gabriel

Awake

Pain in burning eyes
tear-sodden lashes
burdened by sleep-dust and sand.

Light, needle-thin,
pierces the until-now shield.
Vast darkness!
A pounding glare hammers pupils
who yearn for darkness and sleep.

Great white trees
 Standing coral-like
 Waiting.

Covering the forest floor
 Rounded fingers
 Stiff-linked skein
 Growing,

Gnome Forest
P. Shepherd

Moss underfoot
 All waiting
 For the gnomes.



PHOTO: B. Nordin

Winter descends
 like the vast, white hand
 of a murderer
 coming to strangle the land.

Canada
J. Schwartz

Worm**D. Williams**

The worm swerthering through the grass,
 with its slippery skin,
 trying to help the flower.

Waves**A. Ivory**

Glistening in the sun,
 going as fast as it can,
 crystallly, diamond mountain
 sharing the fun.

Sugar**P. Mazza**

White crystal reflecting light
 rough in your mouth
 melting in sweetness
 crunching like sand
 on the beach.

Snow**B. McPhee**

White paratroopers from the sky,
 Thousands of crystals
 fall from a puff of white.
 When they hit, they die;
 but provide a bed for those to come.

A Ransacked Room**V. Zeman**

When I came home from school yesterday, my room was in a mess. The garbage can was emptied, and the garbage was all over; the lamp was twisted, and the pencils were stuck in the curtain. My desk was broken and my bed was messed up. I walked to the window and slipped on a banana peel. I ran downstairs, and when I saw Uncle Jim and his monkey, I realized what had happened.

The Doubloon

H. MacAuley

I was first a lump of gold in the ground in a mountain in the Andes. The Incas dug me up for Spanish overlords. I was handled by an Inca, wearing a pair of shorts and a poncho made of lama wool. After I was taken from the mountain, I travelled up and down over many mountains until I came to the ocean.. There I was put in a furnace in the mint. When I got out of the mint, I had to wait a long time for the convoy to come. When it did I was in the last boat.

A few days later, the boat I was in was attacked. Many crates floated out and so did mine, but my crate was picked up and taken to the bottom of a ship. Many other crates joined me. This place was very dark and damp.

Weeks later, the shipped landed in England to get supplies and most of the crates went. Soon I was the only one left on the ship.

After the sailors got all their supplies, they left England. In two months, we crossed the Atlantic Ocean. Then I was taken on deck and I could see an island with many trees and bushes. Soon, I was put in a rowboat and taken ashore. They dug a hole and put my crate in it and my crate is till there today.

London Fire

J. Shannon

Hi, I am, at least I was, the London fire. Let me tell you about myself. One day, a long time ago, I was sitting in a fireplace eating wood. Wood is my food. It keeps me alive. And the people who were using me to cook left the house. Soon, there was no wood left in the fireplace so I went from the fireplace and started to burn the house. When I finished the house, I burned other houses. Soon the whole neighbourhood was on fire.

The only thing that could kill me was water. People were throwing it at me, but not enough to kill me. Soon, nearly all of London was in panic. Everyone threw water, but I still did not go out. One quarter of London was on fire, but I still wanted to burn more. Hours later, the people put me out, but I had burned half of London.

Attack

I. Small

Stealthily, the Indian crept through the bush. All that could be seen of him was the glint of his knife in the sunlight. A Sioux war whoop shattered the air. Arrows flew. Hiawatha, the creeping Indian, threw his knife at a horse pulling a waggon; he screamed in victory when the horse fell and tipped the whole waggon. The rest of the waggons quickly formed a circle and defended themselves against the Sioux.

Women screamed. Babies cried. Slowly, the Sioux advanced, shooting flaming arrows into the waggons. Above the noise, the Indians heard a noise of horses' hooves to the west. Quickly, they fled. Soon, the cavalry was on the scene. There were many, "thank you's," and other things, but one officer replied, "That's nothing."

The next day, there was another attack on the waggons. And each day for three days the attacks came. Everyone wondered why. Everything was checked and rechecked by the troopers, and then, they came across a wooden necklace.

"What's that?" asked the officer.

"It's a necklace my father captured from an Indian tribe, Sioux, I think," said Mr. Morten.

"Hmm-m," the officer thought. "May we have it?"

"Sure."

The next day, the necklace wasn't with the waggon train. It was with the officer. No attack came. The officer soon discovered that the necklace was very important to the Sioux. He returned it; and because of that, the Indians guarded the settlers until they found a place to live.

Metal Man

L. C. Reusing

Jamie was a metal man. When he walked through a hall, some men shot at him, but the bullets didn't hurt him so they short-circuited him. They took him to a hide-out and planted a bomb in him. They set it to go off at mid-night. It was one-thirty in the afternoon and it was very hot so Jamie decided to swim. He went to a pool and swam for an hour. A few days later, when he checked his compartment, he found the bomb. He took it out and turned it over to the police. When the crooks heard this, they were so mad that one of them killed the other and went to another country.

Poor Thing

C. Schwab

The old, crippled lion crept slowly through the tall grass while, at the circus, a keeper found that one of the gold-furred lions had escaped.

The escaped lion had injured himself and a trail of blood was visible. In a flash, the whole town knew of the tragedy, and a posse was rounded up. For nineteen days, they searched. Then, on a cold, misty day, a thin outline was spotted.

The lion, Mashila, was a mother of four. They had been taken from the cage an hour before the escape.

"We'll surround her," said Sam Grover, the head of the posse.

"But won't it be dangerous?" asked a helper.

"Not if we do it right. Now let's get to work."

No sooner had he said this than the people spread out and were ready to move in. A gun sounded a signal and the men moved. The lion, injured and weak, confused and dazed by the sudden noise, attacked furiously.

A man quickly tossed his net; and in a few minutes, they had him under control. As fast as they could, they cared for the injury and the lion was once more with her cubs.

Rainy Day

C. H. Poole

I am a spider; and though the weather looks bad, I haven't found a place to make my web. That looks like a nice place. Let's see; first I go down; then I crawl up. Down again to form a cross. Around to form a circle. Hey! It's raining. I'll have to wait, or maybe I can do it. Plop! This is going to be a hard day. Plop! Plop! Plop! Let's try. From the first circle, I go down again. Plop! Crawl up again. Plop! Plop! Down again. Plop! Crawl. . . plop . . . not on my head . . . I must go . . . plop . . . in . . . plop . . . that hole. It is nice in here. Help! A squirrel. I had better hide. Inside this little hole, he won't see me. I'll go to sleep.

I slept for a long time. It's morning now. I can finish my web. Around one time; go down a little, around, down a little, around. It's finished; now, I can rest.

N. Pratley

In a condemned house in the forest, I am a black spider trying to spin a web. It's raining out and it is misty. A blanket of fog sweeps across the forest. Inside, I am next to the window and the rain pelts my web. It holds for about a minute, and then, snaps. I must creep down and repair it.

When I accomplish fixing my web, it starts to shake and I nearly fall off. This happens many times until the web rips down the middle and I have to hurry to the side. Suddenly, under my weight, the web rips again and I fall to the floor. I am afraid; and when I hit the floor, that is the end of me.

What to Look for**C.H. Poole**

If you were looking for me in a crowd, it would not be hard to find me. I have green hair hanging from my hat and two points behind my ears. A long brown tail falls from my coat when I'm not looking and this trips me. I have big fangs, a pointed nose, and eyes that glow. Now, are you sure you can find me?

Strange Mirror**A. Rolland**

One dark night, something very strange happened to the mirror in our spooky mansion in the highlands of Scotland. That night, Terry and William were asleep. They awoke suddenly. They heard some footsteps.

"What was that?" said Terry.

"I don't know," answered William.

"Let's go and see," said Terry. So they crept silently downstairs. Just in time! They saw a little man walk through the mirror and disappear.

"Wow, did you see that, William?"

"I certainly did. Let's go and see how he did it?"

Soon they were near the mirror, and William continued, "Let's see if we can go through the mirror too."

Terry tried and disappeared. "Hey, do you know how this works?"

"No, I don't," said William.

"This is a door. The handle is here, beside the mirror."

"Hey, that's neat," said William. Soon both of them were behind the mirror in a narrow passage.

"Do you want to explore the passage?" asked Terry.

"You bet," said William. At the end of the passage, they come upon a skelton. "Gosh!" exclaimed William, "that ghost must have been the skelton of that little man."

"And it is," came a gruff voice from behind them.

In a flash, the boys turned around and saw the ghost of the little man. "Help!" they yelled; and in no time at all, they ran from the mansion and never came back again.

Adventures

R. Riley

My name is William Shakespeare the tenth. When I was in the factory, Mr. Seville put comics in me and Mrs. Marsh wrote a note about the Junior School on me. Then, I was in 4 B classroom and a little boy, named John the Fatty, bought me. John never finished his work so he never had time to read me. It was the last day of term when he took me home, but there he lost me. His little brother, Joe-Joe soon found me and chewed me. John caught him and spanked him so hard. I felt so sorry for Joe-Joe, but me back hurt too until his mother fixed me.

Two years later, I was very old - the oldest Examiner that ever lived, forty-eight months. Two days later, John got a puppy and a kitten. They fought alot but never bit me. John and Joe-Joe fought more. One day, in a fight, Joe-Joe ripped me and John punched me in the stomach. This time his mother couldn't fix me so I was thrown right in the garbage.

The next morning, I was thrown on a truck, but I fell out. A boy, named Neil Johnston, found me and taped me together; but two months later, he threw me away. The next day, a garbage truck came to pick me up. I tried to get out but I couldn't. A wind caught me and I blew all over - all the way back to John the Fatty's house. John made me into a puzzle and there was no way I was going to be lost now. The next day a man came from the museum and bought me for one hundred and ten dollars. I was put in a glass case all to myself. A robber stole me and ripped me up. That was the end of me.

G. Skinner

Massive harbour rock
sided with fierce cliffs -
a distorted, soaring needle -
landmark for fishermen.

**Maple Leaf****M. Speirs**

Chilling autumn comes
and a growth appears on the tree.
Leaves turn red,
a symbol of our country

Montreal Night**M. Leclair**

Along the street
skyscrapers,
monuments light the night.
What a beautiful sight!

Arctic Winter**C. Hedrei**

Roaring winds nip your face.
Freezing temperatures make you shiver.
Huge snow drifts block your path.
No light to light your way.
You are in the dark.

Ants**M. Marecottti**

Crawling insects
always working.
Little kids destroy them.
I pity them.

**POEMS BY
S. MAZZA**

Country

Fluttering anxiety
of imprisonment,
wind fury fighting,
smothering foe.
Trapping itself,
death billows backward -
hangs limp,
a red leaf on a tree.

Solid Sea

A drifting blanket
of glistening, diamond crystals -
a cold, white ocean.

I, Actor

Imitating it,
living it.
Transforming myself
his life? my life?

Flower

Burst bulb,
middle fingers stretching
floating on fluffy feathers
resting on green seas.



PHOTO

B. Nordin

Dump

Pile of death
forgotten happiness
life for others
shatterer joy
always unwanted
always needed.

Le Rêve

Une place, un endroit où je me sens bien
 là où je ne dois penser à rien
 je suis complètement libre
 j'existe à ma façon
 j'aime quand je veux aimer
 je pleure quand je veux pleurer
 je suis, moi-même, un tigre
 libre comme un flocon.

Cold.White Sea

Fallen primeval seas
 dress naked ground;
 fluff-wandering crystals
 spin
 waver with wind
 foggily obscure sight.

Glorifying sun
 sugar glazes trees
 in glittering diamond life.

The Wheel

When you ride the universe,
 you sit on the wheel.
 The bottom is your beginning -
 helpless,
 a baby.
 The wheel turns,
 lifts you to your prime,
 and then,
 falls:
 You go around the wheel.
 The cart,
 the universe,
 moves.

Time

Yesterday

Today

Tomorrow

Time

is

infinite, ungraspable

no

beginning or ending

no limits

like the sun and the moon

no return always there

see-saw for balance

security fear of the future

Yesterday?

Today?

Tomorrow ?

POEMS BY**P. Mayer****Birth**

Circle within circle

touching slowly as two lovers

twist in the darkness

lies birth

circle within circle within circle

slowly twist

until the touch again..

I Talked to the WindProud and camouflaged in summer,
naked trees play in the yard.

Unaware,

groping for the sky,

multi-coloured butterflies

spin

between their frozen skeletons.

Intellectual Prison

$x \geq -1$

Margaret Atwood
zenithal map projection,
specialized vascular conduction
"Remplir avec de la gasoline, S.V.P."
Historical influence of Locke
and the glorious revolution:
Complex ideas, with multiple
meanings create
literature.

Reflections on Valentine's Day

Amid politics and ramblings,
I took a sentimental day
to stop

and remember:
Hidden by cold walls
hearts lay open
to receive all of us.

Thank You

A cold cliché
the
meaning, thought,
lost in the words.

All Returned

The sun rose slowly.
Warm, dormant feelings
melted cold bitterness.
A smile
with love's taste on its lips,
silent whispers,
beautiful eyes,
sweet perfume smell -
All returned
to fill empty, cold rooms.

